LIBERAL OPINIONS,

OR THE

HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LIBERAL OPINIONS,

OR,

The HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED.

By Mr. PRATT.

The Abode of Benignus discover'd.

VOL. II.

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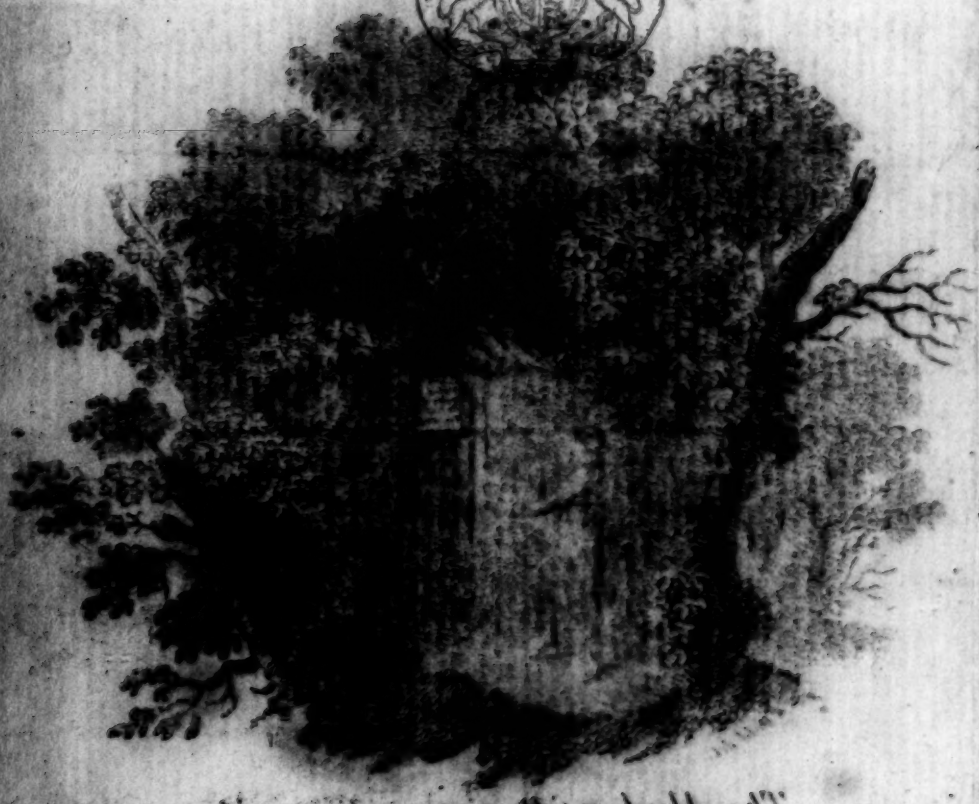

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XLVII. A poetical fragment, containing ſoliloquies of a highwayman; Conteſt betwixt poverty and conſcience. Infidelity of a friend. The joys of faſhion. Impudence of wealth. View of a ſick family. Stop traveller. The robber's apology for the firſt offence. His prayer. Meditations on his booty. Alarms of guilt. Struggles of a delicate heart. The means of ſuſtaining life ſhould be honeſt.

CHAP. XLVIII. to page 13. In which the editor ſpeaks, both by note and chapter, reaſoning with his reader as a friend. Page 10, where the hiſtory is continued, and taken up, ſo as to give a glimpſe of poor Benignus, at the cloſe of his misfortune, after diſſipation, credulity, and want of œconomy,

nomy, having driven him to the foreſt. Page 13, the hiſtory is ſuſpended, and the remainder of the volume diſtinguiſhed by Sections, as in the beginning of volume the firſt.

SECTION I. The editor continues his Liberal Opinions, and addreſſes his Patroneſs. A note of advice to the reader.

SECT. II. Ode to a ſchool-fellow.

SECT. III. A picture of poetical premiſes, in luxuriant proſe; where the editor takes the liberty of flouriſhing. A deſcription recommended to young writers.

SECT. IV. Propoſals for converting the matter contained in the laſt ſection, into a paſtoral pamphlet, quarto ſize, price half a crown.

SECT. V. The hut.

SECT. VI. Pathetic paſſages of a true ſtory. The deaths of a wife and huſband. Fidelity of a brute.

SECT. VII. LIBERAL OPINIONS, adduced from the various ſubjects contemplated in the former

former parts of the work. Profpect of futurity, the beſt remedy for ſorrows not occaſioned by intentional guilt.

SECT. VIII. Proofs of this matter. Examination of the propriety of Mr. Addiſon's expreſſion, when he called the labyrinths of life, "regular confuſion." The *apparent* and the *actual* ſtate of things conſidered.

SECT. IX. A moral and ſentimental excurſion. The reader is requeſted to enter the cottage of calamity. An exact inventory, or ſchedule of its furniture.

SECT. X. Tranſition to a gay part of London. Breathing room for the reader. Remarks on a great man's knocker, and folding-doors. Cautions againſt his lordſhip's Cerberus, by whom thoſe doors are guarded. Advice to ſhabby-gentlemen. The arts of opening and ſhutting,—admitting, and rejecting. With the ſcience of delivering or refuſing a meſſage. The palace of plenty.

SECT. XI. The perils of a promiſſory note, and the affairs of debtor and creditor; or, buying

buying and ſelling the human ſpecies conſidered.

SECT. XII. Pecuniary obligation, the neareſt way to Newgate.

SECT. XIII. Stricture on the laws of England. The inſide of a priſon.

SECT. XIV. Sufferings of the animal world.

SECT. XV. Recapitulations.

SECT. XVI. Concluding pages of the Opinions. The bleſſings of faith and religion. All comes right at laſt. Ruggedneſſes are ſmoothed.

SECT. XVII. A poſtſcript, written ſolely to introduce

SECT. XVIII. The tranſparency of the diſtinction betwixt reaſon and inſtinct. Philoſophical conjectures on the animal exiſtence after the preſent life, argued from the benevolence of God, and the ſuffering of the animal, &c. &c.

CHAP. XLIX. The ſentiments of a ſimpleton, at a firſt ſight of London.—Perverſeneſs of a hackney-coachman.—Politeneſs of a lady.

a lady.—Benignus arrives at the houſe of Mrs. Darlington, his relation.

CHAP. L. A boy's embarraſſment amongſt people of faſhion, with many other matters. —A compariſon between a morning in London and a morning in the country.—Benignus diſcovers in himſelf a talent for deſcription.

CHAP. LI. The hero ſketches a ſcheme of life.—A rhapſody on the magic of imagination.—Recapitulates paſt adventures, he is amazed, mortified, and moralizes—Reſolves to be prudent, and gives an inſtance of it.

CHAP. LII. Containing a breakfaſt dialogue, a female wit, and other curious particulars. —Benignus walks out to criticiſe the city, and is attended by Mr. Jonathan Abrahams, the ſteward, and Mr. Benjamin Abrahams. —The hero's remarks on the adventures of the morning.

CHAP. LIII. Tranſactions with a jeweller, with the misfortune of Abrahams.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LIV. The ſteward's avarice—and ſtratagem to recover his property.—Very curious converſations at a bookſeller's, with a diſplay of literary characters.

CHAP. LV. A diſcourſe between Mr. Jonathan Abrahams, the ſteward, and a ſilverſmith.—Mr. Abrahams diſcovers that his charity is equal to his religion.

CHAP. LVI. Benignus detects the paſſion of Alicia—a dreadful misfortune befals the object of it.—Benignus is unbenevolent, and feels, for the firſt time, the reproaches of conſcience.

CHAP. LVII. Containing an epiſode, but recited in low language, and which ſome readers will probably think unnatural and inelegant.

CHAP. LVIII. The epiſode continued, wherein Mr. Benjamin, and ſomebody elſe, make no inconſiderable figure.

CHAP. LIX. In which the epiſode ſtill goes on, in the ſame low ſtyle.

CHAP. LX. The epiſode ended.

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LXI. Containing miſcellaneous matter.—A childiſh anecdote, with a grave moral.—Benignus ſpeaks like an author.

CHAP. LXII. The remarks of Benignus upon the commerce of viſitings.

CHAP. LXIII. Wherein the ſteward makes a very great appearance.—He is put into a pair of ſcales.

CHAP. LXIV. The ſteward's character is problematical.—Benignus commits a very fooliſh action, for which ſome will think the better of him.

CHAP. LXV. In which ſeveral matters are reconciled to probability, with a word, by the bye, to readers in behalf of authors.

CHAP. LXVI. Full of tenderneſs, or weakneſs, or whatever the taſte and temper of the reader pleaſes to call it.—The art of authorſhip practiſed by Benignus.

CHAP. LXVII. Containing a character of conſequence; and the concluding pages of the ſecond volume.

LIBE-

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LXII. Containing miscellaneous matter.—A child murdered, with a grave reflection.—Heighmastakle the haunter.

CHAP. LXIII. The remarks of Tristhrus upon the commencement of affairs.

CHAP. LXIV. Wherein the History meets a very great opposition.—It is put into a pair of scales.

CHAP. LXV. The Reverend character is proclaimed.—Tristhrus commits a very foolish action, for which Jane will chide the writer of him.

CHAP. LXVI. In which several matters are reconciled to probability, within a trifle, by the Jury, to readers in behalf of authors.

CHAP. LXVII. Full of tenderness, or weakness, or whatever the tube and temper of the reader pleases to call it.—The arts of authorship practised by Tristhrus.

CHAP. LXVIII. Containing a chapter of consequence; and the concluding pages of the second volume.

LIFE.

LIBERAL OPINIONS, &c.

THE

HISTORY OF BENIGNUS.

CHAP. XLVII.

A FRAGMENT.

CONTAINING

SOLILOQUIES OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

AH! family forlorn!
The ſport of fortune, famine, and mankind;
Compoſe thy griefs, Louiſa—ſtop thoſe tears;
Cry not ſo piteous—ſpare, oh ſpare, thy ſire;

Nor quite diſtract thy mother,—hapleſs babes!
What ſhall I do?—which ever way I turn,
Scenes of inceſſant horror ſtrike my eye:
Bare, barren walls gloom formidably round,
And not a ray of hope is left to chear;
Sorrowing and ſick, the partner of my fate
Lies on her bed of ſtraw—beſide her, ſad
My children ~~dear, cling to her breaſt,~~ and weep;
Or preſt by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And, quite exhauſted, climb theſe knees—in vain.
How ev'ry aſking eye appeals at once!
Ah looks too eloquent!—too plainly marked,
Ye aſk for bread—I have no bread to give.
The wants of nature, frugal as ſhe is,
The little calls and comforts which ſupport
From day to day the feeble life of man,
No *more*, alas! thy father, can ſupply!—
To me, the hand of heaven-born Charity
Hard, as the ſeaſon, gripes—the neighbourhood,
Buſy'd or pleas'd, o'erlook a ſtranger's woe;
Scarce knows the tenant of th' adjoining houſe,
What thin partitions ſhield him from the room
Where Poverty hath fixed her dread abode.

Oh

Oh fatal force of ill-timed delicacy,
Which bade we ſtill *conceal* the want extreme,
While yet the decent dreſs remain'd in ſtore,
To viſit my Eugenius *like myſelf*;
Now ſhame, confuſion, memory unite
To drive me from his door.—
——Ah cruel man!
Too barbarous Eugenius—this from thee?
Have I not ſcreen'd thee from a parent's wrath,
Shar'd in thy tranſports, in thy ſorrows ſhar'd?
Were not our friendſhips in the cradle form'd,
Gain'd they not ſtrength and firmneſs as we grew,
And doſt *thou* ſhift with fortune's veering gale?
Doſt *thou* ſurvey me with the critic's eye?
And ſhun thy friend, becauſe—(oh bluſh to truth,
Oh ſtain, to human ſenſibility!)
Becauſe his tatter'd garments, to the wind
And every paſſenger, more deep betray
Th' extremity ſevere—then, fare thee well!
Quick let me ſeek my homely ſhed again,
Fly from the wretch, who triumphs o'er my rags,
On my Louiſa's faithful boſom fall,

Hug to my heart my famish'd fondlings round;
Together suffer—and together die.—
——What piles of wealth,
What loads of riches glitter through each street!
How thick the toys of fashion croud the eye!
The lap of luxury can hold no more;
Fortune, so rapid, rolls the partial show'r,
That ev'ry passion sickens with excess,
And nauseates the banquet meant to charm—
Yet, what are all these golden scenes to *me*,
These splendid modish superfluities;
What are these bright temptations to the *poor*?
Sooner, alas, will Pride new gild her coach,
Than bid the warming faggot blaze around
The hearth where chill Necessity resides—
But must Louisa, then—our tender babes,—
Must *they* untimely sink into the grave;
Must all be victims to a fate so sore?
The world will nothing give but barren frowns:
What then remains—There stands the wretched hut
I dare not enter—Heav'n befriend them all!
What then remains—The night steals on apace;
The sick moon labours through the mixing clouds:

Yes—

Yes—that were well—O dire neceſſity!—
It muſt be ſo—Deſpair, do what thou *wilt!*
————I faint with fear,
With terror, and fatigue—This foreſt gloom,
Made gloomier by the deep'ning ſhades of night,
Suits well the ſad diſorders of my ſoul:
The paſſing owl ſhrieks horrible her wail,
And *conſcience* broods o'er her prophetic note;
Light ſprings the hare upon the wither'd leaf,
The rabbit frolicks—and the guilty mind
Starts at the ſound, as at a giant's tread—
Ah me!—I hear the horſe along the road—
Forgive me, *Providence*—forgive me, *Man!*
I tremble thro' the heart—the clatt'ring hoof
Re-echoes thro' the wood—the moon appears,
And lights me to *my prey*—
————Stop, traveller!—
Behold a being born like *thee* to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
Were *his* alone the pang of poverty;
But a dear *wife*, now ſtarving far from hence,
Seven hapleſs hungry *children* at her ſide,
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to actions which his heart abhors:
Aſſiſt us—ſave us—pity my deſpair,

O'erlook my *fault*, and view me as *a man*.
A fellow-mortal ſues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity—invites thy heart:
Perhaps *thou* art an huſband, and a father;
Think if *thy* babes, like mine, dejected lay
And held their little hands to thee for food,
What wouldſt thou have *me* do, wer't thou, like me,
Driven to diſtreſs like mine—oh! then befriend,
Make our ſad cauſe your own—I aſk no more;
Nor will I *force* what bounty cannot ſpare;
Let me not take aſſaſſin-like the boon
Which, humbly bending at thy foot, I *beg*.
Ne'er till this night———
———God ſpeed thee on thy way,
May plenty ever ſit within thy houſe!
If thou haſt children, angels guard their ſteps!
Health ſcatter roſes round each little cheek,
And Heav'n at laſt reward thy ſoul with bliſs!
He's gone—and left his purſe within my hand;
Thou much-deſir'd, thou often ſought in vain,
Sought while the tears were ſwimming in my eye,
Sought, but not found—at length, I hold thee *faſt*.

Swift

Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
And bear the bleſſing to my fainting babes,
Then, gently take Louiſa in my arms,
And whiſper to the mourner, happier tidings.
————Hark! what noiſe was that?
'Twas the dull bittern, booming o'er my head;
The raven follows her—the duſky air,
Thickens each form upon the cheated ſight:
Ha! ſomething ſhot acroſs the way, methinks!
'Tis but the ſhadow of this ſtripling tree,
That throws its baby-arms as blows the gale.
Each object terrifies Guilt's anxious heart!
The robber, trembles at————
————What have I ſaid?
Robber!—well may I ſtart—O heav'n!
What have I done?
————Shall then Louiſa live on ſpoil?
Shall my poor children eat the bread of *theft?*
And have I, at the peaceful hour of night,
Like ſome malignant thing, that prowls the wood,
Have I—a very *felon!*—ſought relief
By means like *theſe?* And yet the traveller
Gave what I aſk'd, as if in *charity:*
Perhaps his heart, compaſſionately kind,

Gave from an impulse it could not resist:
Perhaps—'twas fear—lest *murder* might ensue.
Alas, I bore no arms—no blood, I fought!
How *knew* he that?—yet sure he might perceive
The harden'd villain spoke not in my air;
Trembling and cold, my hand was join'd with his,
My knees shook hard, my feeble accents fail'd,
The *father's*—*husband's*—tears bedew'd my face,
And virtue *almost* triumph'd o'er despair!
Yet strikes the thought severely on my heart,
The deed was foul!—soft—Let me pause awhile!
Again, the moon-beam breaks upon the eye,
—Guilt bears me to the ground—I faint—I fall!
The means of food should still be *honest* means,
Else were it well to *starve!*——

——— Cetera desunt.—

At this place, madam, we must stop—after Benignus reached London, he

met with a great variety of adventures, all of which, were ſtrongly calculated to fix the aſſertions and hypotheſis in the 12th and 13th chapters, beyond any ſort of doubt—thoſe adventures, are of the moſt intereſting nature—ſome of them are pathetic—*all* are full of that agonizing knowledge, which is uſually purchaſed at the price of a *broken heart*—The manuſcript in my poſſeſſion is not large, but it is in ſo ſmall and cloſe a character, that it would yet furniſh out at leaſt ſix window-ſeat, faſhionable volumes—As I have already got beyond the limits of a letter, (unleſs it had been written upon one of thoſe leaves, which travellers aſſure us, will cover an acre of ground) I muſt reſerve the remainder of his Legend, till another opportunity—at preſent I can only ſpare my unfortunate hermit a *few more pages*, for an extract or two from the record.

THE LEGEND,

Continued from the 685th Chapter.

—I was now in the 37th year of my age,—as emaciated—unhappy—deſolate a creature as ever *reluctantly* crawled on the boſom of the earth,—the greateſt part of my fortune was gone—the remainder was in bad hands—my reputation was ruined—my wife was dead——and my health was totally deſtroyed. The friend, whom I moſt loved, and moſt truſted, deceived me; and yet it was the conſtant aim and center of all my views to derive *happineſs* from *goodneſs*. One ſolitary 20l. bank note, which was paid me in full for a debt of 500l. was all I have left—priſons, croſſes, aſperſions, and cruelties, had driven me to the point of death—

death—ſociety became dreadful to me, and indeed my conſumption had taken ſuch hold of me, that *I* became dreadful to ſociety. I bought a ſorry mule,—twelve ſacks of common biſcuit—wrapt up my exhauſted limbs in a horſeman's coat—left the deteſted town, and took the road to this foreſt.

The ideas of a deſpairing mind are generally wild and violent. Mine were the direct contrary—I was not deſperate, but I was dying; and I was unwilling to lay my bones, where my body and mind had been equally lacerated—at the edge of the wood I ſtopt—every part was almoſt inacceſſible, and appeared the more ſo, as the moon-beam threw a ſhade deeper on it—I knew not at what part to enter.——

Here, madam, we muſt make a ſecond gap in the hiſtory, and continue it from

CHAP. DCCLXX.

Being the last of the LEGEND.

I have now been an inhabitant of the forest only five weeks—I have got a few birds—my old dog, so frequently mentioned in the latter part of my history—a cat that strolled one day into my cottage, which is nothing better than a collection of sticks closely compacted, sodded at the top, and carpetted with sacks at the bottom—I am at the extremity,—God has permitted me to finish my adventures, wherein every thing that happened to me in the *world*, or in the *wood*, is accounted for——I find I am no longer able to hold the pen—farewell then that which has been my chief amusement—farewell writing—the hand of death is upon me—I will now hang my label on the door.—mort.

I have

——I have been at the point of death three days—I am too weak to rise—My ſtore box is empty—my poor brutes are falling famiſhed around me—the pen (which I laid by the head of my ſack) is held ſo faintly, that I can ſcarcely mark the fate of my laſt moments—I make random efforts on the paper—and I die—a fatal example—that no ſorrows—no diſappoinment—no barbarities,—ſhould at any time have power to drive a man totally from his ſpecies—the ſilver chord that tied the ſoul, to the body, is broken—I am——

* * * * * * *

This hiſtory, madam, together with other adventures in the world (with which at ſome future period, that world may be made acquainted) have led me to a ſecluſion almoſt as retired from the buſtle and intrigue of life, as the unhappy

happy author of the Legend. I intend my memoirs ſhall ſerve as the counterpart of his; and both will indiſputedly prove and validate, the peculiar truth of theſe ſingular ſentiments,

That, nine times out of ten, a life of benevolence is a life of inſult and pain.

That an unwearied attention to the pleaſure and comfort of others, is generally repaid by ingratitude from the world.

And that (in a *terreſtrial* ſenſe)—tracing the fact through all claſſes of life, from the nobleman in his villa to the beggar to his ſhed—goodneſs is not often, in this world, rewarded by ſuch returns from *our fellow-creatures*, as conſtitute thoſe ſenſations, which are included in our ideas of happineſs.

The reſult of the whole, madam, will be,

Firſt.

First.

To be good, would, to all intents and purpoſes, be to be happy, had not man degenerated in the extreme; and had not his worldly intereſt prevailed over the proſpects and promiſes of futurity.

Secondly.

That the world is permitted to exiſt, for the ſame reaſons it was ſpared in years which are far behind, when the Omnipotent declared with his own ſacred voice that—if ten, or even five, juſt people could be found, the city (over which the almighty arm of vengeance, was raiſed in ſuſpenſion) ſhould be ſpard.

Thirdly.

That, the perverſion of money, and the abuſe of riches, has contributed more to the corruption of human nature, over every part of the habitable globe,

globe, than any other thing, ſince the invention of a commerce with it.

Fourthly.

That, this world (and more particularly the poliſhed and voluptuous parts of it) would be intolerable, to a truly good mind, and of all poſſible places of torment, the moſt ſevere, (to men engaged in ſociety, but unengaged in its general aims) were it not for two reaſons, which will not only be fully given in the promiſed hiſtories—but may be briefly ſeen in the concluſive parts of theſe volumes.

But before we purſue ſubjects of ſo grave a nature, I ſhall beg your ladyſhip's leave to offer ſome lighter amuſement—I fear I have made you gloomy—let us then inſtantly return to our fancy-pieces—amongſt theſe I muſt number a little piece of poetry, wrote a year after leaving ſchool. I ſhall preſent

ſent your ladyſhip with this with all the marks of juvenility about it——poor Benignus thought much of robbing an orchard. His idea might be right, but I muſt confeſs to you, that for my part, though I had a pretty early knowledge of *meum* and *tuum*, I was not quite ſo ſcrupulous, as to this particular. Benignus was likewiſe frequently inſulted for this benevolence—now I avoided inſult, by the only way to eſcape it, either in a ſchool or in the world—for I was one of their own ſort,—did as they did, and was as thoughtleſs, and as trickful as the beſt, or rather—the worſt of them—the evils of life did not ſeize me ſo ſoon, as they ſeized Benignus—When your ladyſhip, at a future day, ſhall read my memoirs, you will perceive too many reaſons for an alteration in ſentiment.

ODE.

O D E.

TO A SCHOOL-FELLOW.

HAIL to the harmleſs feats of happy youth!
To the ſmooth hours of genuine pleaſure, hail!
Hail to tranſport—hail to truth,
When jocund health blew freſh in ev'ry gale,
And reckleſs paſtime ſpread the frolic ſail!
Backwards, dear Youth—a little caſt thine eye,
Let pregnant fancy paint each early ſcene,
And pencil fair our boyiſh days,
The lively hope that crown'd the revel reign:
Our thouſand pleaſures—thouſand plays!—
If theſe thou haſt forgot—forbear to ſigh:
But if thou call'ſt to mind—beſtow thy ſympathy.

Recall the hour that ſet us free
From gerunds, pronouns, proſody,
Recall the bliſs that throbb'd the heart,
When the glad ſummons made us freely ſtart,

'Twas

'Twas heav'n and holiday—
And ev'ry little ſoul was in its May!

'Tis true, we dealt in trifles then,
But trifles catch more mighty men;
Cheap were the baby-toys we choſe,
Blithe as the ruddy morn we roſe,
And ſlept at night, with—all a boy's repoſe.
We knew not *man's* amuſements wild,
Our wiſhes were the wiſhes of a *child*.

What tho' (for we are heirs of pain,
Even from cradle, ſore we ſigh,
And as the hill of life we gain,
More rugged is the road—more ſharp the miſery).

What tho' ſome vexing troubles choſe
Our ſports to diſcompoſe;
What tho' the lightning of the maſter's eye,
The threat'ning tone, the brow auſtere,
Beſpoke diſaſter near,
And pedagogal tyranny:
Tho' knotty points of learned lore diſtreſt,
Puzzled the head, and throbb'd the breaſt;

Tho'

Tho' the keen ſcourge—of dreadful ſize!
Acutely whipp'd to make us wiſe;
The fleeting anguiſh never reach'd the heart,
But the faint cries were tranſient as the ſmart.
Soon as the ſenſe of pain was o'er,
Suſpended happineſs return'd,
The paſſing tear was ſeen, no more.
The birchen ſceptre loſt its power,
For mirth reſum'd the vacant hour,
And the gay ſtripling laughs at what he mourn'd!

The ſoldier thus, in heat of wars,
Sunk by the ſudden blow to ground,
Still cover'd o'er with various ſcars,
E'er well the anguiſh leaves the wound,
Soon as he gains the ſtrand
That girds his native land,
With triumph he recounts the hardy fray,
Shews the deep mark, where many a bare bone lay;
And ſmiles at all the blood-ſhed of the day.

Can'ſt thou, my friend, recall theſe joys,
Yet ceaſe to wiſh we ſtill were boys?

Think

Think on the deep complottings of our crew,
Scheme upon ſcheme, ſome arch exploit in view,
The merry moon-ſhine pranks we play'd,
The little thefts at evening's fall;
The truant rambles we advent'rous made,
When bold we ſcal'd the orchard wall.
Where as we reached the ruddy bough,
On which the fair temptations grow,
One plucks the fruit,—and one receives below!
Ah miniature exact of man!
Nature's full length, is ſtill on childhood's plan,
But brighter colours deck the youth,
Rapture and health, vivacity and truth,
Soft too are then the ſhades of care,
And art wants time to paint
The figures of deſpair!

Your ladyſhip will now perhaps pay a viſit with me to my animals—poor creatures they have been a long time neglected

neglected——to this end we muſt return to my cottage—there it is, madam! —very properly ſituated for a page of deſcription—a fancy-piece of itſelf.—There is ſo much poetry to edge the borders of proſe in this little ſubject, that for the ſoul of me I cannot enter the doors, without indulging the vanity, of drawing

A PICTURE OF THE PREMISES.

Did ever your ladyſhip behold the ſlope of any wood more beautiful than that, which riſes by ſoft gradations, from the ſpot which my cottage occupies, to the warm boundary of hills, which form a vegetable ſcreen for the valley?—every buſh is blooming with perfume, and every tree is pendent with bloſſoms—the hand of nature has woven me a carpet, ſo diverſified in colours,

and ſo fantaſtically figured, that the utmoſt pride of Turkey droops even to dullneſs, on the compariſon—and hark! madam—the note of pleaſure affords for the *ear*, as fair a banquet as the proſpects of ſummer afford for the *eye*. Murmuring along the brake, (intercepted in its paſſage by the pebbles) a ſmall rill of water winds its way along the grove, and at laſt is heard, bubbling into the brook at the bottom—the river rolls majeſtically ſlow at a little diſtance; and a ſtately ſwan (the empreſs of the tide)! ſails ſelf-important on its boſom. On the left hand is a flock at feed, while ſome of the lambkins are ſlumbering in the ſun, and ſome friſking round the buſhes—on the right, the muſicians of the ſeaſon are warbling in the concert, and the pauſes of harmony are ſupplied by the ſonorous ſplaſh of the neighbouring water-mill. The

green

green ſod embelliſhes the ſeat round my hut—the woodbine comes nodding into my caſement, and vegetation goes ſmiling, even to my door—ſuch is the outſide of my little place.——

And now I ſubmit the matter to your ladyſhip—could I, with any ſort of juſtice to myſelf, or it, have paſſed into the ſweet hut, without pulling you one moment by the ruffle, to ſhew you how prettily I ſtood; and that neither I, nor my ſociety, left the town without being decently provided for in the country.——

——Upon reading over the deſcription of my cottage a *ſecond time*, I cannot help thinking it would make a ſmart morſel for the magazines or for the next poetical noſegay Mr. Dodſley ſhall think fit to gather from the fugitive flowers of this *literary land*—but as I was fearful of detaining your ladyſhip,

 I have

I have ſpoken of the matter haſtily, and yet I do not think, a ſingle thing wanting to complete—(when turned into verſe)—a paſtoral poem—nay, I am farther ſatisfied that, what with the title, the advertiſement—the preface, the dedication, the argument, and the introduction, it would be quite large enough for a half-crown pamphlet—— eſpecially when your ladyſhip takes two points into conſideration—firſt, that four lines of proſe will, at any time, make fourteen of poetry; and ſecondly, that the preſent taſte of printing is ſo extremely white and delicate, that a very *few* lines, will go a *great* way; inſomuch, that upon a pretty nice calculation it would be found, that ſix-penny-worth of ſenſe, and twelve-penny-worth of paper, (allowing for faſhionable margins) will, when properly manufactured, produce half a dozen pocket

volumes, at the *moderate* price of three ſhillings per volume. We will now, madam, ſtep into

THE HUT.

Oh force of animal gratitude! how the creatures croud around us! we have left them but a few hours, and they are ready to devour us with their fondneſs—even the ſuperanuated pointer beſtirs himſelf on this occaſion—poor fellow, he is the ſon of an unhappy ſire, whoſe ſtory goes (I verily think), as near to the heart as any that was ever recorded—and yet I am afraid I ſhall hurry your ladyſhip too quickly back into the region of gloomy ſentiments, ſhould I relate it—but there is a pleaſure even in the anxieties of ſympathy; and as the ſtory is now freſh in my memory, and my letter

letter drawing to the end, 'twere a pity to ſuppreſs it.

PASSAGES of a TRUE STORY.

——Oh Romeo,—Romeo, what a creature wert thou!—how courteous—how ſagacious—how well tempered!—

He was deſcended, madam, from a glorious line—the ſon of a noble ſtock—venerable from his pedigree—royal in his extraction, and, to crown his character, he was the favourite companion of a dear friend of mine who is now—no more.——

In one of the ſharpeſt days, and yet one of the faireſt that winter could produce, the youthful Flavian prepared, with his gun and his Romeo, to take the diverſions of the field—happieſt of men—happieſt of dogs—They were

particularly lucky, and it was a day of eminent ſucceſs—this pointed the game —that brought it to the ground—the net was ſoon crouded with the ſpoil,— but as Flavian was returning——

Notwithſtanding the elevation of your rank, your ladyſhip muſt have had frequent occaſion to deplore the capricious uncertainty of ſublunary enjoyments—muſt have ſeen the eye that in the preſent moment ſparkled with hope, in the next rolling with deſpair—and tears uſurp the features which an hour before were dimpled by joy—this is indeed ſo hackneyed and univerſal a fact, that I ſhould beg your pardon for digreſſing into a parentheſis about it.

As Flavian was returning to his houſe, and Romeo was ranging the ſkirts of a copſe, rather in the way of wantonneſs than induſtry — knowing perhaps, that the buſineſs of the day

was

was already done—juſt as the winding of the thicket meander'd into an elbow that jutted into the field,—Romeo broke ſhort his ſtep, and ſtood fixed in an attitude, which put Flavian on his guard. In the next inſtant an hare ſtarted from the buſhes, and ran trembling to the oppoſite hedge-row; on the other ſide of which, was a ſhaded lane, that led to Flavian's villa.—There is an enthuſiaſm, which ſeizes the ſportſman at the ſight of ſudden game. With that ſort of inſpiration was Flavian now ſeized, who, levelling his gun to the mark (with an aim too fatally erring) depoſited the charge into the boſom of ——*——*——Mighty God,—I want fortitude to go on!—

Flavian, madam, had—a wife—unhappily for him, ſhe was tempted by the brightneſs of the morning, and the report of his fowling-piece at no great

diſtance, to ſtrole from her houſe, and —as was ſometimes her tender cuſtom— intended to haſten his return, not only to enjoy his ſociety, but to put an end to the depredations of the day.——The ſound of the gun had ſcarcely died upon the air, when a ſound of a different kind ſaluted the ear: Flavian daſhed through the hedge, and ſaw his Maria extended along the path-way, which was over-hung by the buſhes, and her boſom was bathed in that blood, which ſhe now found had been ſhed by her huſband. In purſuing the game, Romeo firſt diſcovered his miſtreſs, and with his four-feet upon her lap, was mourning over her wounds: the agony was ſo legible in his countenance, that if he had the power of ſpeech—it would have been impoſſible to deſcribe it.

The huſband—ah, madam! In theſe caſes, as I have juſt remarked—the

brute and the man are alike; ſince both muſt deliver over to the dumb ſenſations of the heart, a language neither ſcience nor inſtinct can teach them to articulate—all that can be ſaid or done is dull painting,—he ſtruck his breaſt—caſt an eye of aſtoniſhment at heaven, and fell ſpeechleſs by her ſide—the poor woman ſaw his agony—made an effort to embrace him, but ſunk exhauſted on his breaſt.

A ſervant of Flavian's, who had been on a meſſage, now appeared upon the road in the lane—Romeo ran to him,—leaped round his horſe,—looked up to the man—and led the way to the ſcene of death—The ſervant rode away on the ſpur, to alarm the family at the manſion-houſe—in the mean time, the laſt endearments were faintly interchanged betwixt Flavian and Maria—to the latter, articulation was ſoon de-

nied—but ſhe, by ſome means, got her huſband in her arms, and in that ſituation expired—the diſtreſs of Flavian affected not even yet his tongue—the dear body, mangled as it was, could not be torn from him, and both he and the unhappy lady, were carried to that apartment, from which they had parted a few hours before, in the higheſt gaiety of wedded hearts, and in the warmeſt ardours of youthful expectation. And now comes on the buſineſs of poor Romeo—Flavian fell ſick—Romeo was the very centinel of his door, and the nurſe of his chamber—a fever followed, which at length touched Flavian on the brain, and in the violence of the delirium he ſtruck his poor attendant Romeo, who ſo far from reſenting the blow, licked lovingly the hand that gave it—madneſs ſhifted into melancholy—Romeo was ſtill by the

ſide

ſide of the bed, fearful to ſtep even on the carpet—after this—the fever returned, and burning its way to the heart, in a few days defied phyſic, and united his aſhes to thoſe of his beloved Maria—from the room in which he died no force or contrivance could ſeduce Romeo, till the moment in which he was put into the coffin, and the people concerned in his funeral began to deem it neceſſary to deſtroy the dog, which reſiſted all their meaſures, but eſpecially their carrying him away; at length he ſuffered it—but followed them cloſe, and was perhaps the moſt ſincere mourner—as ſoon as Flavian was committed to the earth, his faithful Romeo took dominion of the ſpot, and was the ſentry of his grave—grief and hunger had exhauſted every thing—but his attachment—yet he never was heard to whine—but, after laying till nature could do no more, he was at length found dead at the foot of

the tomb—thus the master expired, and the servant found it impossible to survive him.

—Methinks I see your ladyship shed a tear to the complicated misfortunes of this family—I congratulate you upon it—Fie upon the heart that is asham'd to feel—and wither'd be the cheek, that (in defiance of the impulses of nature) is kept dry, by the maxims of fashion!—but neither the above story, madam, nor any other, in the present volumes, were introduced merely to excite sensibility—It finds a place amongst these pages, as a suitable vehicle for some

MORAL OPINIONS.

In the few anecdotes of Benignus, were briefly shewn that, nine times out of ten—To be good, in this world

Was not the way—To be happy.

That is—not to be happy, if our behaviour, and its conſequences, were to take their rewards from the returns of our fellow-creatures in general—The reaſon aſſigned for this, is the only true reaſon that can be aſſigned—The degenerate ſtate of maxims, and manners.—

All the evils therefore which are of a malignant nature—all ſuch as ariſe from the perverſion of money—or turbulence of paſſions, are totally to be imputed, to human ſources—but there are other evils (and ſome extremely ſore) that fall out, to make goodneſs no ſecurity for worldly happineſs—Theſe—(I mean ſuch as abſolutely are placed beyond the reach, or prevention of man), are certainly the acts of the Deity,—we call them, under the vague name of *accidents*—they light equally on man and beaſt, and every thing that hath an exiſtence; and (for ought we can tell) they may poſſibly affect vegetation, and carry the

diſtreſs beyond the ſcale that is animated. As great proportions of that miſery which cloggs the path of life therefore is cauſed by the bad propenſities of men—ſo it muſt of neceſſity be admitted, that the road which leads from this world to the next, is made additionally weariſome and heavy, by the permiſſion of ſome power ſuperior to theirs. It is peculiar to the moſt rational animal (as he is called), to perceive this, though he cannot adequately account for it—to account for it indeed has been the labour of the moſt ſhining underſtandings!—divines—moraliſts—theologiſts—philoſophers—metaphyſicians, and poets, have exerted every nerve, in every age upon the ſubject. The moſt pious and induſtrious of theſe all concur in their ſentiments, and conclude with the ſame ideas,—They ſay

That, though to be good may not be rewarded in general with the gratitude

of

of our fellow-creatures, and that virtuous characters are commonly inſulted by the multitude (who are creatures of ignorance and intereſt) yet a man is ſufficiently rewarded for his rectitude (even in this world), by the endearing ſociety of men like himſelf—beſides which,—the comforts of conſcience are more than a counterbalance for the ſevereſt ſufferings—to which are added the chearful proſpects of futurity.——

That with reſpect to all thoſe numberleſs diſaſters which fall out in deſpite of human ſagacity—the anſwer always has been and ſtill continues to be this—They are trials—&c.—&c.—

There is indiſputably a great deal of conſolitary truth in both theſe concluſions. Some part of the argument however is liable to objection—zeal will very often run away with the powers of reflection. The ſyſtem of men of religious moderation is comprized in the ſhort

paſſages

paſſages above. More intemperate people, who call themſelves free-thinkers, have under that title aſſumed a privilege, to argue very boldly on the other ſide of the queſtion. Some have contended that if vice is natural to the heart of man, it muſt be an effort as ridiculous as impoſſible to reſiſt it—the ſhocking inference is, that God is the ſole origin of evil, and that he certainly would not puniſh his creatures for yielding to a neceſſity in their nature—others, madam, of our own nation (the very ſoil of free-thinking) ſay, it would be an act of benevolence to withdraw evil from every part of the globe—another aſſerts, that vices and miſeries of all kinds are peculiar benefits, and that, to a trading nation eſpecially, they are the very main-ſpring in the political machine. There have alſo been (and ſtill are), a ſet of looſe pens, which (ſkilled in the trick of ſophiſtry)

exculpate

exculpate every wickedneſs in man at the blaſphemous riſque of lodging the cauſe and fault of the whole upon the *Deity*; and a celebrated Frenchman (whoſe genius is the pride of that polite nation) has written a book in the ſeventieth year of his age, to prove, that of all poſſible ſyſtems, the ſyſtem under which we are governed is the worſt. Theſe deſerve and meet the indignation of every honeſt man. A much admired countryman of our own, madam, has, in a compoſition that contains the moſt poetical philoſophy in our language, advanced ſeriouſly an oppoſite ſentiment, and terminates the whole by declaring, whatever is, is right.—My own opinions on this important ſubject are, I dare ſay, like thoſe of your ladyſhip—I think *every* work of God vindicable; but I do not think, ſome of them reconcileable to reaſon, by the beaten mode of defending them. There are at this inſtant,

inſtant, thouſands of our amiable fellow-creatures in the world (bad as it is)—ſtruggling with the ſtorms of fate, without finding relief in the ſociety of men like themſelves; for it will be eaſy to prove, that even the tendereſt and worthieſt connexions of a man fly off in the hour of neceſſity; nor will it be more difficult to ſhew—(if it could poſſibly need an inſtance beyond the reach of any one's experience)—that poverty (in the extreme) is often accompanied with the loſs of reputation. Thoſe are yet babies in the world, who ſuppoſe half the bad reports they hear of men, are the conſequences of their ill conduct: for the fact is, that there are a pretty equal number of wretches deſerted by their friends (becauſe their unworthineſs unfitted them for what is called virtuous ſociety) and of wretches deſerted, becauſe their ill-luck in life drove them

too

too often againſt the purſes of their acquaintance—for I muſt once again repeat, that the abuſe of riches has made avarice the ruling vice—and there is ſometimes the higheſt degree of avarice even in diſſipation—ſelf ſtill ſettles at the bottom. Nor are even the comforts of conſcience, always ſufficient to bear a man up, againſt the inſults of mankind: for many of our ſpecies are ſo pelted by the tempeſts of life, that the pureſt integrity, and the ſweeteſt reflections *reſulting* from that integrity, are obliged to give way to the misfortunes which croud inceſſantly upon them. Sorrow treads faſt upon ſorrow, calamity ſtrikes upon calamity, and accident comes ſtumbling ſo rapidly upon accident, that the whole buſineſs of the *ſoul* is to ſhift for the neceſſities of the *body*; or to try the force of its religion, to accommodate itſelf with

proper

proper patience, to bear its allotment, without plunging into the errors of deſpair. Inſtances of this kind are extremely numerous. Men indeed who are plumped by proſperity and indolently loiter out an unſerviceable exiſtence, in the eaſy chair of voluptuouſneſs; and women who are tied down to a peculiar ſet of amuſements, ideas, and purſuits, may ſee this matter in the light, which their contracted teachers have *taught* them to ſee it. But the ſons and daughters of luck and luxury, are the worſt judges of the ſons and daughters of misfortune. The grand amulet—the only *effectual* remedy of ſorrow remains behind, and that is a *univerſal* one—ample enough for the cure of miſery, even though *miſery* was univerſal—*the proſpects of futurity*—when friends forſake us—foes oppreſs us—and conſcience is cowed, by conſtant

ſtant adverſity—thoſe, madam, and thoſe only, prevent deſpair, and point to felicity.—With regard to the evils of accident, nothing but thoſe can reconcile them with the line of our moſt natural notions of eternal goodneſs; and thoſe do reconcile them to the ſublimeſt idea that ever was conceived of it.—But let us turn aſide from argument, and look upon life for exemplary

PROOF OF THIS MATTER.

Among other accidents that could only be reconciled by the *proſpects of futurity*, is the ſtory and fate of Flavian, and his family—how agrees it—might we argue—(*but* for thoſe proſpects) with the beneficence of the Creator to afflict ſo much morality and goodneſs, without any *apparent* cauſe. In ſhort, madam,

madam, the human ſoul ebbs and flows like the ocean, though not with the ſame regularity. There is no purity, nor any devotion, but ſometimes wavers for a *moment*: believe me, there are periods when the moſt apoſtolic faith ſtaggers—ay, and that upon principle; for the better the mind, the greater is its occaſional agitation. Divines tell us, it is ſinful. I inſiſt, it is unavoidable, and I will in this caſe be ſo bold to enter a caveat againſt all the caſſocks in the kingdom. There is an intricacy in the events of the world which will on the firſt view conſtantly appear myſterious. They frequently put the human intellect upon the puzzle. We want not books, or arguments, to teach us ambiguities; for every *rational ſenſe* about us preſſes the *whys* and *wherefores* ſpontaneouſly and irreſiſtibly upon us. 'Tis not, madam, the vanity of penetra-

penetration: 'tis merely the curiosity and inquiring propensity of nature.

It was, with a propriety peculiar to the classic genius of Mr. Addison, that he called these labyrinths of providence, that so frequently cross the lines of life—"a regular confusion." Let us examine that celebrated expression, and it may perhaps lead us into a train of thought, which may throw new light on our present subjects, both with relation to man and brute. The eye of God, (and possibly the eyes of his angels) may see the regularity, unintangled in the confusion. But what proves this more, than that finite can by no means, measure with infinite? To man's imperfect vision, many events already hinted at in this letter, and many more which might be brought into the catalogue of instances, are not only repugnant to every moral, natural,

or

or conſcientious law (were we to decide of them by the narrow line of human juſtice) but are utterly oppoſite to our own ideas of common compaſſion. Still farther. I beg leave to advance the matter *much* farther. It is a fact, (atteſted by the tears and agonies of a mournful multitude) that the horrid variety of miſeries which attack the attention on all ſides, would tempt the ſobereſt head, and the devouteſt heart, in the world, to ſuſpect that the affairs of that world were totally eclipſed in confuſion, without a ſingle ray of apparent regularity: judging, (as was obſerved above) and faintly guided through *the dark*, only by the twilight glimmerings of natural reaſon, and natural equity.

To prove this, there ariſe at once ſo many inſtances, that choice is perplext in variety. Let us quit the fire-ſide, madam, for half an hour, and, turning

our eyes on the active world, walk leiſurely along to ſurvey the great ſcenes that are fleeting before us. If it is agreeable to your ladyſhip, we will make

A MORAL, AND SENTIMENTAL EXCURSION.

And London ſhall be the boundary of our ramble. That ſtupendous maſs of building, contains every thing for our purpoſe: perhaps, there never was more happineſs and miſery crouded together, upon the ſame ſpace of ground, ſince the foundations of the world! In the firſt place (for your ladyſhip muſt ſuppoſe yourſelf endowed with a power of ſtepping into whatever places you think proper, during this tour)—we will pay a viſit to that wretched looking houſe;

houſe; and though I am taking you into thoſe ſad retreats, which are very uncuſtomary to people of faſhion, yet we will walk up the broken ſtairs, and open the door of that chamber. Pray ſurvey it with a critical eye. The ſpectre Famine hath uſurped the ſeat of Plenty. There are ſeven ſmall children, without any ſymptoms of the health, and roſy hilarity, which uſually attends the moſt untroubled period of life—the pale young woman, whoſe arm is round one of the youngeſt, with one (ſtill ſmaller) which ſhe is dandling on her knee, is their mother; and that tottering phantom of a man, whom age hath rendered feebler than the feebleſt of the children, is the father of that mother—I beg pardon: I have overlooked a perſonage, of no ſmall conſequence. At the ſide of the broken lattice you behold, one of the king's officers.

officers. He has a paper in his hand, a pen in his mouth, and his eyes are running up and down the room, in the moſt eager diſpatch. For once, we will diſpenſe with faſhionable ceremonies, and peep over his left ſhoulder. This method has enabled us to read, what he entitles

AN INVENTORY.

One table—ſplit in the left lid, and two of the joints wanting.

One cradle.

A ſmall ſtool.

An oyſter-barrel.

One go-cart.

Three chairs,—two without backs, the ruſh rotten.

One child's chair,--the bottom almoſt gone.

Four knives.—One without a haft.
D° forks—two of the tongs broken.
One fifth of an iron poker.
A box-iron.
One cinder ſifter—terribly battered,
And one wooden fender—burnt in ſix places.

N. B. A ſmall tea-cheſt—lock loſt —the canniſters bruiſed.——

December 12th.

To be carried off or ſold the 18th inſt.

——Sold! Heavens! Huſh, madam, —I perceive you are prepared with many queſtions. The anſwers are melancholy to every thing you can ſay. See, madam, the good man has diſcharged his duty (in which we muſt bear teſtimony he was conſcientiouſly particular) and is going out of the room: we will follow his example—ah —madam, the tears are ſwimming round your

your eye, and your hand is in your pocket. There then—God proſper you with it, poor woman: ſee if one of the infants, is not quite taken with the flowers upon your ladyſhip's gown, another faintly plucks me by the ſkirt of my coat, and is paying ſtrong court to my buttons—the mother is upon her knees to you—ſhe thinks and looks the gratitude ſhe is unable to ſpeak—let us hurry away before the ſcene becomes too intereſting——even the ſmoky air of one of the moſt ſmoky ſtreets of the ſuburbs is chearful, and ſalubrious, to the oppreſſion I felt in the chamber we have juſt left—A coach will carry us to a more agreeable part of the town inhabited by different ſort of people—in this ſquare we will ſtop, for here is breathing-room. Hark, how the roll of the chariots, the report of the horſes feet, and the echo of the doors prepare

us for the magnificence of faſhion. We are now in the very region of fihery. As ſudden tranſitions have always a great effect, I will now take your ladyſhip into a very ſplendid apartment—theſe folding doors will admit us, *becauſe* we ſhall not look as if we had no doors of our own; for in all caſes of that ſort, there is a peculiar difficulty in getting on the other ſide of the knocker, which, for the moſt part, is ſupported in the jaws of ſome monſter, that ſeems to ſay to every neceſſitous crawler, or even to every ſhabby gentleman—Come if you dare—approach, and be devoured. Luckily for us, madam, there is always another monſter appears, the inſtant the door opens, and as he conſtantly acts upon the liberal principle of Cerberus, we will give him a ſufficient ſop; upon which he will become immediately ſo tame, that he will make the hinges echo again, even though we were come

to dun his keeper. The arts of opening a door, and delivering a meſſage, are ſciences that would very well fill a volume. I ſhall therefore certainly ſtand excuſed for having ſcribbled only a page upon the ſubject.

We are now walking up the geometrical ſtairs—that door opening upon another door, will lead us to another green door, which will lead us to the apartment, where the family are aſſembled at breakfaſt. How beautifully and warmly the whole room is carpetted, and cuſhioned—We perceive at the table three hearty children—a lady of an elegant figure, and a gentleman in his night-gown and ſlippers. Bleſs me!—how the ſervants bow—what a profuſion of gilding and plate!—and ſee, madam, the youngeſt boy is actually toſſing an handful of guineas up and down the floor by way of amuſement.

I heartily wiſh the poor children we have juſt left, had the trouble to pick them up for my young maſter. If your ladyſhip will pleaſe to retire, I will tell you ſomething, as you go along, worth hearing, of this family.

The gentleman, madam, whom you ſaw in the morning-dreſs, is one of thoſe human beings Providence hath for ſome wiſe end permitted to hold the happineſs and comforts of a great many other human beings in his poſſeſſion. In the Engliſh language he is known by the name of a *creditor*, the moral definition of this term is ſimply this; —a man who having the good things of this life in great abundance, diſtributes a ſmall portion of thoſe good things to ſuch as are deſtitute: a kind of benevolence, that would reflect dignity upon the author, were it not liable to a trifling circumſtance, which ſome will

will think a drawback upon it—for the benefactor commonly chooſes to take in return a ſmall ſlip of paper, by virtue of which he can torment, and have the perſon benefitted, as it were, on the hip, at a moment's warning; and in fault of payment, requires full authority, either to ſeize the body, and depoſit it in a jail; or take poſſeſſion of the goods, and turn the body into the ſtreet. In ſome parts of the future hiſtory of Benignus, will be delineated the whole and extenſive ſcience of man-catching, wherein will be ſhewn, that the ſlave-trade flouriſhes ſurpriſingly in Great-Britain, and that the traffic of buying and ſelling the human ſpecies is daily gaining ground, through every part of his majeſty's dominions: and this is eſteemed ſo curious and original a part of the manuſcript, that I expect a prodigious conſideration for the

copy—In the above work, however, a proper and nice diſtinction is made, as to the nature and contraction of debts, inſomuch that it will infallibly prove a ſure guide to creditor, debtor, and bailiff, for thoſe, madam, are the principal agents in this humane and excellent art. I cannot quit this ſubject without preſenting your ladyſhip, with a ſlight ſpecimen of the above ſort of merchandize. The buſineſs is frequently tranſacted thus: one man in diſtreſs borrows (in an humble tone, with his hat under his arm, and in all the confuſion of want) of another man, in no diſtreſs whatever, value forty ſhillings: (as misfortune is apt to expect a ſun-ſhiny day, even in the midſt of hard weather), diſappointment trips up the heel of hope, and the day of reſtitution runs by, in which the ſaid forty ſhillings remains, like the hand-writing

on

on the wall, againſt him. From that moment the bargain is ſtruck—the purchaſer demands his property, and as the tranſaction is ſanctified by the laws of the land, the carcaſe is at his diſcretion: it is dragged from its friends, and ſo cautiouſly prevented from taking cold in the open air, that it is put very tenderly under lock and key, and bar and bolt, that it is in a perfect cage: here a parcel of crows are ſuffered to peck at it, which are a kind of guarantees to the purchaſer of the body.——

And now we will go on with our ſtory—the gay ſpark who is the ſubject of our preſent enquiry, became a creditor to the poverty-ſtruck family whom we ſaw in the ſuburbs of the town, by being landlord or poſſeſſor of a range of ruins, among which is the uncomfortable hut we deſcribed. The maſter of that hut, (who is at preſent out of

the way) is amongſt the number of thoſe againſt whoſe tranquillity the dark events of this life were perpetually pointed.——The conſequence of this (which is pretty frequently the caſe) was the deſertion of acquaintances, and the diſtance of friends, and he was often accuſed of obliquity, though in truth he ſeldom deviated into thoſe crooked paths, which juſtly excite agony and ſhame. He was unable to anſwer the inclinations of his heart, and was two years in arrear for the rent. One morning the poor man's wife waited at the door of Sophron (for ſo will we call him) and delivered an apology: by great chance the porter thought fit to deliver it immediately, and by a chance ſtill greater, the young woman was admitted into the preſence chamber, where Sophron was indulging the ſurfeiting luxuries of his ſituation. Diſtreſs had

not,

not, at that time, wholly deſtroyed the beauty which was naturally extraordinary in her—ſhe caught the fancy of the preſent moment. Sophron propoſed an immediate treaty, and offered moreover a purſe for the relief of her ſtarving family. — Generous as this might be, ſhe flatly refuſed it: As Sophron was not much accuſtomed to the language of denial, and thought beſides, his offer not only an honour but a liberality, he ordered her haſtily to depart. She did ſo, and in going home felt one of thoſe ſenſations, which for a moment relieves the ſenſe of the worſt condition, by the triumph of the conſcience. She told the whole to her huſband, and in his rewarding embrace, ſhe felt thoſe ſenſations revived. But where miſery is conſtantly ſhifting from one ſorrow to another, the pleaſures of reflection can ſeldom have leiſure to play

—What was the reſult of this matter! —withdraw a moment, madam, to that gloomy looking pile—the common receptacle,—the promiſcuous depoſit of diſtreſs and infamy for a length of years —we will wind up the dreadful ſtairs—alas! how does novelty give force to objects, which cuſtom has rendered unnoticed! the grating of the bars—the jingle of the keys, and the clank of the chains, I ſee, terrify your ladyſhip —pray ſtop awhile,—in that diſmal cell, behold the conſequence of a wife's unſeaſonable chaſtity, and virtue—there lies the huſband—Sophron had once riſqued, as he called it, the loan of ten guineas; for that ſum he was arreſted—and for the rent his goods will ſhortly be ſold.

And here, madam, let me pay a compliment to the juſtice, ſagacity, and chriſtianity of our law-makers,—law-

makers

makers of the moſt refined, and poliſhed nation under heaven—who have aſſigned to unfortunate men, who owe and have the leaſt money, a reſidence of the greateſt gloom, hardſhip, and diſcredit, amongſt wretches who have broken at midnight into our houſes—aſſaſſins who have ſhed the blood of our ſpecies, and robbers who commit hoſtilities upon the road. Encircled by ſuch aſſociates is Sophron—his children are famiſhing at home—his wife is condemned to ſee the neceſſity every moment encreaſe—his houſe has ſuffered a diſtreſs—their next migration muſt be into the ſtreet—the plain reaſon is this—the wife was virtuous—the huſband unfortunate—while the oppreſſor revels in his plentitude, though his fortunes were obtained by fraud, and are diſſipated in every kind of debauchery. Behold, madam, the wife is herſelf entering

tering the cell—ſhe has brought the poor creature a ſhare of that refreſhment your ladyſhip's bounty has enabled her to procure.

Heavens, what a ſhout is there!—See, they are bringing in a freſh priſoner.—How the old inhabitants cluſter round the new comer, as they would ſay, Welcome to Newgate, brother!—Pray, Mr. Jaylor, what is his crime?—*murder!*—a man was executed yeſterday ſe'nnight under a public gallows, upon ſtrong ſuſpicion of committing that very murder, which this priſoner has confeſſed. There is a confuſion in the innocence of ſome people, and a croſs concurrence of ill-looking circumſtances, very like the bluſhing evidences of guilt. Such was the preſent caſe—appearances were ſtrong againſt him, human ſagacity was baffled, and the victim was given up to the laws—

he

he had a large family, his wife is in a fever—his ſon is burying reflection in the dreadful opiates of the bottle, and his connexions are in deep and diſgraceful mourning.

Yonder, madam, lies a miſerable object—unnatural parents have driven her from home—ſhe is too honeſt to ſteal—ſhe is aſhamed to beg, and being, from the peculiarity of her fate, under a neceſſity to borrow—ſhe is at laſt provided for by the bounty of government, that humanely allows the wretched juſt food enough, to perpetuate the ſenſe, and lengthen out the period of calamity. But now, we will leave the ſufferings of our own ſpecies, and in our way home, caſt an eye upon the ſufferings of

THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Take notice how yon team groan under the burthen. They are labouring in this ſevere weather for the ſervice of man. But obſerve their driver! hark how the knotted whip ſounds on their ſides—The blood guſhes at every ſtroke—the poor things labour in the extremity, and when they have ſurmounted the difficulty, the ſanguinary maſter pats them on the neck, not a little pleaſed with the triumphant vigour of his arm. If it could poſſibly be ſuppoſed, that brutes deſerved a ſtate of perpetual puniſhment, a large city were ſurely their hell. A few lap-dogs, ſpaniels, and other favourites excepted—the general treatment of animals is ſavage beyond all compariſon of barbarity—*There* ſtands a cruel wretch, who

who hath beaten out the eye of the fore-horſe for preſuming to ſtir, while the car is unloading; he then curſes himſelf for the exploit, and concludes the matter by a ſecond blow, becauſe the creature threw its eye in the way of the firſt; and ſee, madam, yon fellow, in paſſing, careleſly drives his carriage againſt another that is going a different road; and in order to extricate the intertangled harneſſes, both drivers apply to the old remedy, and inſtead of calmly ſetting things right, put the animals on their ſpirit, and every thing is at length torn in pieces: a freſh beating now enſues, and the poor devils are to ſuffer again for what, at firſt, could not on their part be avoided. Such are the general lives of horſes, and ſuch the diſcipline practiſed upon them almoſt every hour.

It

It is an happineſs peculiar to the ſoftneſs of your ſex, and conſiſtent with the delicate proſperity of the female nature and ſituation, madam, that their purſuits and pleaſures entirely lay in ſuch parts of the town, as make ſhocking ſpectacles not very frequent, if we compare them with the more buſy parts of the city.—There is—I cannot but perceive— a civilization of addreſs, an urbanity of demeanour amongſt the very chairmen of St. James's, which we ſhall in vain look for in the meſſengers of Whitechapel, and the porters of Thames-ſtreet. The politeſſe of the court ever influences in ſome degree the places that ſurround it: but in the city, the ſpirit of humanity is too often trod under feet by the ſpirit of trade: and the laws of trade have, indeed, ſo very little in general to do with the laws of benevolence, that in the full, and I might

might ſay, the overflowing tide of commercial ſucceſs, a man of buſineſs ſeldom regardeth any life, but ſuch as is neceſſary to puſh the point of gain to the extremity!—

I muſt once more draw your ladyſhip out of the way, to take a view of Smithfield.—There, madam—it is high market, and the diſtemper which ſome time ſince, raged amongſt the horned cattle, even to the alarm of the nation, was mercy and providence to the uſage which the poor creatures ſuſtain in this place.—All that ſticks, ſtones, and iron-goads can effect, is here effected againſt thoſe inoffenſive animals, by which plenty is procured, riches circulated, and even life ſupported.——

Here, madam, we have ſelected a few of thoſe innumerable inſtances, which riſe up to alarm us. That ſuch have often happened cannot be denied; and

and if we were to take a closer survey of the world, with a view to collect a more accurate journal of calamity;—— if we were to bring into the black account, the miseries, both of the rich and poor—the thousand dreadful casualties which no innocence can help, with the tens of thousands of fatal operations of passion, which deform existence, and agonize our hearts—if we were to consider likewise, the plagues, the disgusts, the cares, the contests—the depredations of war, and the voluptuousness of peace—if we were to look into the prodigious mass of miscellaneous mischiefs, branching out from avrice, prodigality, gaming, swearing, law-suits, robberies, chagrines, murders, and every other prophanation—or if we were to dive still further, and mention the distressful situations occasioned by fire, famine, pesti-

lence,

lence, earthquakes, inundations, public tumults, and domeſtic inquietude—obſerving at the ſame time, that thouſands of every race of beings are frequently pining away life, inch by inch, and are whole years in dying; adding to this eventful catalogue, the pangs of ſickneſs, the loſs of limbs, the deprivation of intellect, the underſerved loſs of character, the diſobedience of children, and the cruelty of parents; with the horrid havock of thoſe deteſtable appetites of the heart, revenge and inordinate deſire—what madam—but for the chearful promiſes of *an hereafter*—what ſhould we think—what ſhould we ſay?——

That there is much happineſs, many bleſſings, and many people who deſerve them, cannot be diſputed—the world is in *itſelf* a paradiſe—but paſſions perverted, accidents permitted,—miſchiefs

chiefs perpetrated, and money turned into the wrong channel, have ſo deſtroyed its ſerenity, that the ſoul diſtreſſed in the world, is obliged to ſeek frequently for a retired corner, and argue with itſelf.——Theſe reflections, naturally lead us to the

CONCLUSION.

It has been the conſtant deſign, of the author of this letter, to examine ſeveral facts relating to men—animals —and things, in a new manner,—with this ultimate view—to vindicate the ways of God not only to *man*, but to every *other* living creature!——The limits I propoſed to allow myſelf are more than exceeded, and the length of my letter (ſwelled into volumes) ſeems

to

to demand an apology. The utmoſt that I can venture more, is to preſent your ladyſhip with a few inferences drawn from the whole of our ramble amongſt the fields of unuſual ſpeculation.

As the innocent man, madam, has often loſt his life, and diſgraced his relations on ſuſpicion of guilt—as the hardneſs of a creditor frequently tightens the cord of the law, till it pinches the bowels of a numerous family—as there are actually parents in the world which not only deſert their offspring, but fear up that ſtrong attachment which is generally the vital principle of nature—as modeſty, ingenuity, and honeſty, are often harraſſed by innumerable cares and perplexities; to ſoothe which even the compliments of the conſcience are not always adequate—and as—on the other hand,—

thoſe to whom fortune hath been fuller-handed, frequently diſturb the good order of ſociety, and uſe their adventitious acquiſitions to promote oppreſſion and to extend luxury.——As thoſe who addreſs the Deity in fervor of heart, are often deſtitute of a comfortable proportion of food — wander naked and forlorn through life—and others that have food, want appetite to eat it—while thoſe who never mention the Deity, but to enforce an oath, and give poignancy to blaſphemy, enjoy every temporal good— as even the unblemiſhed ſtate of childhood, when power is wanting to perpetrate the intentional guilt—as the new-born babe frequently ſtruggles with various diſtreſs, at a time when its weakneſs calls for peculiar ſupports—wanting which its future exiſtence is ſometimes waſted under the languors of an unſound conſtitution—

as theſe, with every other calamity I have recapitulated, or advanced, through this letter—and as many more than can be poſſibly ſuggeſted at a ſingle view, have, and do, actually light upon the human race—notwithſtanding all the comforts and all the bleſſings in the world—ſome aſtoniſhing ſource of conſolation is abſolutely neceſſary to reconcile theſe facts to the mind.—To decide upon the matter (as was hinted before) agreeable to our ideas of rectitude, we ſhould pronounce it, without heſitation, a monſtrous ſyſtem, which confounds right and wrong, innocence and error. Natural reaſon would condemn it as inconſiſtent—Pagan philoſophy would reject it as barbarous—pedantry would call it unfit—poetry would declare it unjuſt——common ſenſe would pronounce it abſurd.

Here then, madam, the two comfortable reaſons I have promiſed to give, as the only reconciling ones, that can poſſibly make life ſupportable, or the ſtrange intricacies of it conſiſtent, deſerve to be mentioned. They come to us, under the cherubic forms of FAITH and RELIGION—juſt as we are ſinking under our doubts, they come forward to diſpel them—they give ſtrength to reaſon—force to philoſophy, and illumination to conſcience—the wretched inſulted heart liſtens to their arguments, and finds them deciſive—revelation herſelf ſteps into our relief—ſhe confeſſes, with the poet, there is apparent confuſion in the regularity of Providence, — that the cloudy mirrour, through which the human eye is directed in purblind ſpeculation repreſents the path of virtue as thorny and crooked, and the road to vice flowery and delightful

ſightful—but that—were it poſſible for men to wind with their Creator, through all the infinitude of mazes that lead from, firſt cauſes, to ultimate effects—to view all the labyrinths which are abſolutely neceſſary to connect, continue, and complete the ſyſtem, the whole matter would be inverted, and the regularity appear, without confuſion—Thus therefore, madam, all comes right at laſt.

"To be good is to be happy"
"The confuſion is regular," and
"Whatever is, is right."

A future life, only—(in every inſtance I have mentioned, and in many that I have omitted to mention) can make the preſent life ſupportable, or the preſent ſyſtem equitable. And upon theſe rational principles, I would

argue the eſſentiality of that futurity—but not ſo much from the power and wiſdom, as from the benevolence of the hand that hath prepared us for it—nor is the attribute of juſtice leſs concerned in this proviſion—for—were the death of the body, the death alſo of the ſoul,—the devil himſelf, as the ſyſtem now ſtands might yet want a malignity in his nature to continue it; and in that caſe, the wiſeſt way to put an end to a man's torments would be the ſhorteſt; and ſuicide would obtain a ſanction from common ſenſe. The very equity and tenderneſs of the ſupreme Power is concerned in a diſtribution of future puniſhments and rewards—to thoſe attributes therefore ſhould every unhappy creature look up—from them ſhould expect the hour, in which, that which is "now crooked ſhall be made ſtrait," and every unevenneſs be

 ſmoothed

ſmoothed—when the balances ſhall be poiſed by an omnipotent arm, and juſtice at laſt prevail.——

Having thus vindicated the ways of God to man, I will now put an end to my letter, and beg you will accept it at the hand of

Your ladyſhip's

moſt humble and

obedient ſervant,

POSTSCRIPT.

As theſe ſketches are deſigned for publication, and are to ſtand at the tribunal of a ſociety of literati, who review and take cognizance of every thing that ventures into this world of compoſition, I ſhall lay myſelf too *negligently* open to their cenſure, if I leave, ultimately, the animal creation, in the lurch—after having all along declared ſo much in its favor. And this, renders a *poſtſcript* eſſentially neceſſary. Nor ſhould I, indeed, ſtand excuſeable to your ladyſhip, if I omitted ſo material a part of the concluſions to be drawn from our ſurvey of the ſubject—Having vindicated—(notwithſtanding all the miſeries of good men, and the ſucceſſes of bad men)—the diſpenſations of God, towards our own

ſpecies, let us now then, madam, in the ſame tranſient, unſyſtematic manner, vindicate the ways of God, to a numerous race of beings, no otherwiſe connected with our ſpecies, than by the ties either of attachment, or neceſſity.——

GOD VINDICATED TO BRUTE.

Methinks, madam, the haughty-hearted man, takes fire at this—what would the wicked wretch put the reptile and the rational upon an equality? Would he give to the almoſt undiſtinguiſhable atom—to the dog that laqueys my heel, and to various monſters of the foreſt, and the ocean, the ſame proſpects with man? with the erect—the comprehenſive—the ſuperior? God vindicated to *brute!*—oh, infamous!

blaſphemous! inconſiſtent——ſhall the ox that I kill for the ordinary ſupply of my appetite, and the mule, that I drive for my diverſion, be upon a level with their maſter—are they not all born to accommodate our convenience—are they not all put in ſubjection to our controul, and do we not treat them accordingly.—I have no time to anſwer the cavils of ſelf-ſufficiency—we will proceed cooly, madam.——

Let us argue this point from the impulſes of common ſenſe—in our ſurvey of the ſufferings of brutes, it appeared that with a great deal leſs cauſe, they underwent, at any rate, as much hardſhip as men: our inſpection indeed into this matter, like our inſpection into the calamities of our own ſpecies, was ſlight and curſory; but were we to ſet apart a ſerious opportunity to examine the ſubject to the bottom, we ſhould find animal

mal miſery as extended and as exquiſite as human. I admit that they are deſtitute of reaſon, and it muſt be owned that a *moral* ſenſe of the injuries men ſuffer, frequently give poignancy to the anguiſh: the mind takes, as it were, an intereſt in the ſufferings of the body; thus a blow on the face is reſented, not becauſe of the pain, but becauſe of the idea annexed by the ſoul to ſuch an act—and with reſpect to other miſeries and accidents, the mind by ſympathizing often doubles them. This may be brought againſt me as an argument. It is none, madam. Even if the ſenſations of animal pain were merely corporeal, they muſt be ſufficiently terrible, when we conſider that they are moleſted by every innovation of torture.—But I do not apprehend their ſenſations of anguiſh only *bodily*: they have not reaſon, but they have *ſomething*

that does the buſineſs of reaſon ſo well, that man is very often put to the bluſh, and is almoſt aſhamed of the privilege that ſets him at the top of the ſcale. The fact is—brutes are as ſenſible of inſults done to each other as men—theſe they reſent indifferently—if they do not often reſent the barbarities of men, it is not I ſhould conceive, madam, becauſe they do not feel the indignity, but becauſe the benevolent Creator has implanted in their natures a ſtrong principle, either of terror or obedience—an unlimited idea of human *ſuperiority*, or an unlimited idea of his *tyranny*. Be this as it may; certain it is, that the ſituation of animals in this life, particularly ſuch as are ſubdued to the domeſtic dominion of man, (and ſuch commonly diſplay the moſt amiable qualities) is not ſuch as can poſſibly make that life upon the whole deſirable.

In a ſtate of nature, where they took peaceful poſſeſſion of the woods, it might be different. In their preſent ſtate of ſubordination to the imperious law of man, nothing can exceed their miſeries, nor can any miſeries be more diverſified. Will it be urged, that a great many of them are ſavage in their natures, and cruel to each other,—that they are at continual war—invade the repoſe, property, and pleaſures, of one another—that they actually ſubſiſt by murder and rapine—and that man is juſtified in his uſage to them, nor can they upon *this* account fairly claim protection or redreſs from Providence. This would prove a ſorry argument. Do not *men* live upon each other—are not they at perpetual war—are not many of them ſavage in their natures—do not they diſturb the peace, and invade the property of their fellow-crea-

tures—is not every paltry trick tried, and every dirty paſſion put in motion, to perplex, over-reach, and fret one another?—Is not this ſo general a fact, that the eye ſees—the ears ear, and the heart feels it *every hour*? Is it not the tale of tradition,—the burthen of compoſition—the hiſtory of the day—and the evidence of every newſpaper—ſpreads if not over the moſt diſtant climates—from the poliſhed European, who ſeizes his prey under a maſk, to the honeſt Hotentot, who roaſts it upon the ground, and ſits openly down to his banquet?—and yet where, madam, is the man, who would from hence argue, that for theſe reaſons they muſt never look up for mercy, but die without hope, without expectation—without proſpect? Rather, let them mend the imperfections, they have been ſo ſharp-ſighted to detect. If the cruel incli-

inclination ſubſiſting in the boſoms of particular brutes, ſtrikes them with horror; let it operate properly upon the *human* heart; but let them reflect, that the *animal* never kills, but to gratify the calls of famine, or in its own defence—but that the *rational* frequently murders for ſport, and inflicts pain from a principle of malignity.

The ſtate of animals, after they leave the preſent world, has been the ſubject of very diſtinguiſhed talents; and ſome have very warmly contended for their immortality. Amongſt ſacred writers, Moſes and Solomon, have leaned much in their favour: amongſt moderns, Mr. Locke, Dr. Hildrop, Soame Jennings, and many others, have taken up the cauſe: neither have French, Spaniſh, or Roman authors, been without conjectures on the ſubject. So that I have a ſufficient ſanction, to enter the liſt,

as

as the champion of ſo many *millions* of uſeful, beautiful, and innocent beings.

Look, upon your Favourite——how harmleſs!—how affectionate!—would it not hurt you to conſider, that in a very few years, the poor creature muſt putrify in the duſt, and, mixing with it, ſoon become common earth, without hope of reſurrection? for my part nothing could give a keener ſhock to my ſenſibility than the horrid idea of univerſal annihilation prevailing over the animal world—I proteſt, madam, I am almoſt ready to ſhed a tear to the very ſentiment—Muſt my dear Tabythyetta—my demure Grimalcena—my merry Scugypugiſſa—(you will pardon me, madam, for *Italianizing* their names, there is ſomething ſo dreadfully dull and mechanic in the ſound of an Engliſh appellation) muſt all theſe, with that great

great traveller Tripſea, ſink into nothingneſs! into oblivion! into dirt!

"Oh horrible, horrible, moſt horrible!"

But I ſee, madam, I am likely to ſwell my poſtſcript to the unreaſonable ſize of my letter, and yet if you knew how extremely painful it is for a man, warmed by his ſubject, and entertain'd by his ideas—juſt as that ſubject begins to take poſſeſſion of him—while a ſwarm of benevolent arguments are pouring their honey in upon him—and charm him with the proſpect of carrying his point—if you knew the pangs, that laying aſide the pen, in ſo delicate a moment, coſts a writer—you would certainly pity me—however, I have ſaid enough of this matter and every other, juſt to ſhew my *intentions*; and I beg

your

your ladyſhip—and I beg alſo my critics may conſider the whole as a mere collection of etchings—the pencil roughly run over them——the out-lines juſt marked——but that, the boldneſs—the graces—the proportions—the re-touchings and—the finiſhings,—muſt be the buſineſs of ſeveral ſedate cautious, and careful future opportunities.——

————*

CHAP. XLIX.

Notwithſtanding the tumultuous buſtle, which on all ſides attracted my attention, as I advanced into the city, it was late enough in the evening for a country gentleman to expect more appearance of tranquility; and indeed, certain

certain I am, more than half the inhabitants of my village were aſleep.

As I paſſed therefore, along ſtreets, which were illuminated, and ſhops, which exhibited, with an air of oſtentation, every thing to view, I gave way to the perfect ſimplicity of my ſoul, and aſked the coachman (for Mr. Greaves had now left me) upon what *public* occaſion, theſe *rejoicings* were made?—Rejoicings, your honour, anſwered the fellow, I ſee no rejoicings for my part: the lamps indeed, burn a little merrily, but ſo they do every night o' the year, for the matter of that —Very well, ſaid I—drive on briſkly, ſir.

So ſaid, ſo done; and briſkly he *did* drive with a vengeance; mounting ſuch precipices, thundering down ſuch vales, turning ſuch corners, clattering over ſuch ſtones, and making ſuch angles, that

that (unuſed to ſo pleaſant an exerciſe) I was utterly unable to keep my ſeat, and was toſſed about the coach from one ſide to the other, till a ſudden jolt drove my head incontinently againſt the glaſs on the left hand, which gave me an opportunity to cut my cheek, and hollow forth my diſaſter, to the author of it. I ordered him to go leſs furiouſly, aſſuring him, at the ſame time, while I applied a handkerchief to my cheek, that I was not an *expreſs*, nor upon any errand that required ſuch hazardous expedition—Oh, very well, replied this obedient driver, I *ax* your honour's pardon, but I thought *as how* you might like to go the *long trot*. He now ſet forward, and crept ſo provokingly ſlow, that I had full leiſure to contemplate every thing I beheld around me.

At

At the end of a ſtreet, I ſaw a cluſter of *ſhewy* young women, who ſeemed to have met by accident, and were rejoicing at the interview; while the coachman, therefore, was indulging his preſent fit of deliberation, moving as if he had a mind to ſtand ſtill—one of the ladies very politely walked by the ſide of the coach for ſome time, enquired after my health with great affability, and at laſt moſt hoſpitably invited me, to *drink a glaſs of wine* with her. Struck with the agreeableneſs of her figure, and genteel addreſs, and not doubting but that ſhe was ſome young lady who had ſeen me either at ſchool, or at my village (but whoſe features were worn out of my memory) I made her a profound bow of acknowledgement, expreſſed my concern at not being able to accept her flattering offer, but would take the firſt opportunity to pay her my reſpects.

reſpects. In delivering this ſentence (while the good-natured creature expreſſed her ſatisfaction at ſeeing me, even by a gentle preſſure of the hand) I had the confidence to look in her face, in the hope of recollecting an *old friend*; but, ſuch was the treachery of memory, that, although ſhe actually called me twice or thrice, *her dear*, (which methought denoted particular intimacy) I could no way recognize her. However, I was in ſome meaſure rewarded for my pains, by ſurveying a countenance, where the roſes and lilies were ſo *nicely* blended, the brow ſo delicately arched, and the boſom ſo exquiſitely white, that I congratulated myſelf highly at having found ſo *amiable* an acquaintance, and ſignified my intention to wait upon her, at all events, the next day.

All

All this time, during which, *I* was leaning half out of the window, the coachman was ſtifling a laugh, which, when it was no longer to be repreſſed, would very well have become the lungs of the animals he was driving. At length, (he cries, turning himſelf round upon his box), why ſhe's a tight going thing, your honour, I'll get down and open the door.—Will you ride with the gentleman, Beſs? what ſay you, hey? Imagining he meant to inſult *my friend*, whom I was bound in honour and indeed in conſcience to protect, I exerted myſelf warmly in her behalf, inſiſted that the fellow ſhould not affront *my acquaintance*, but go directly where he was ordered; then, addreſſing the lady, I was preparing a very proper apology for this unparalleled rudeneſs, when the coachman with a ſaucy ſmack of his whip, ſo increaſed the ſpeed of the horſes,

horſes, that I found myſelf at a conſiderable diſtance, before I thought of aſking her direction.

This, however, I *now* determined on, and ſtopping the coach, by dint of abſolute vociferation, I commanded the fellow to drive me back again to the lady, as I had forgot to enquire in what *ſtreet* ſhe reſided, and where I might find her houſe. Her *houſe*, replied the coachman—ſomewhat ſurlily, it will be a difficult *jobb of work* to find that, I fancy. She's a *here-and-thereian*, as a man may ſay—ſhe has no houſe—*No* houſe, ſaid I! And yet (reſumed the heroe of the long laſh) ſhe is pretty well known at *moſt of the houſes* in town, for all that. What, cried I, is ſhe then a woman of ſuch *diſtinction*. Very great diſtinction, he replied; Beſs Bronſby beats round all the bawdy houſes in a night, ſometimes—*Bawdy Houſes*, ſaid I, what

I, what is ſhe then—is *that* lady—can it be *poſſible* that—I ſtammered a little, and felt the colour in my face—I know what your honour would ſay, interrupted the coachman; and ſhe *is all that*, I can aſſure you. Aſtoniſhment ſilenced me, and it was ſome time before I was able to ſay, go along, coachman, pray go along.—

Reflections now thickened upon me, and thus, at laſt, in the language of ſimplicity and inexperience, I argued.

Fair unfortunate! how I pity thee. Thou, haply, art another *Almeria*, deteſting thy ſad ſituation, and ſhedding many a tear, to the fraud which occaſioned, and to the diſaſter which continues it to thee. Haply ſome father, with the feelings of Mr. Greaves, may at this very moment, mourn thy loſs, and thy wanderings——Oh that ſome gentle ſpirit, inſpired with benignity,

would

would *intereſt* itſelf in thy fate—would exert its friendly endeavours to ſweeten it—Thy *heart* may not acquieſce in the conceſſions of thy *perſon*; and if it be ſo, (as ſurely the luſtre of thine eye is the luſtre of innocence) doſt thou not ſigh for the compaſſion of a friend? doſt thou not weep for the boſom of a father? Oh that Providence may beſtow theſe bleſſings upon thee, and mayſt thou, in a parent's protection, once more find ſhelter from mankind!

I had finiſhed this ſoliloquy juſt as the coach ſtopt in a ſpacious ſquare at the houſe of my relation; and after the man had opened the coach-door, I ſaw a woman moving along, in no ſituation to be envied; for ſhe could by no means walk, either direct or angular; and tho' well dreſſed, ſhe was ſeriouſly *curſing* herſelf all the way; and proteſted vengeance againſt the very next ſcoundrel

ſhe

ſhe ſhould meet——what's the matter with you, poor woman, ſaid I, ſtepping out of the coach: are you ſubject to fits? Fits be d—d, replied the lady—O yes, cries the coachman, look your honour how *woundily ſtrong* they are upon her *now*. Alack-a-day, poor ſoul, ſhe's got the *ſtaggers*. You *lie*, you ſcoundrel, ſaid the lady. The coachman knocked at the door, and I was conducted, by a footman, to the family of my couſin. Drunk! ſaid I to myſelf, as I paſſed through the hall, and aſcended the ſtair-caſe—*drunk!*: well-dreſſed woman, drunk in the public ſtreet, at this time of the night, and uſing ſuch language too, becauſe a man civilly inquires what's the matter with her? Methinks the London ladies are a little queeriſh: Lord help me, I ſee, I know no more of the ways of this world

yet, than a ſucking pig. Courage, Benignus—*that world*, is " all before you."

CHAP. L.

I was ſo extremely fatigued with my journey, from never having travelled ſo far or ſo long together before, that I was under the neceſſity of aſking permiſſion to withdraw to my apartments ſoon after I had paid, and received, the cuſtomary compliments Aukward matters to be ſure, *firſt ſalutations* are at beſt, but to a fellow who hath not yet rubbed off the baſhfulneſs of a boy, by mixing with men, they are horribly diſtreſſing. I do not know that ever I felt a more diſpleaſing ſenſation than at my entrance into the room, in which Mrs. Darlington, and her niece, were ſitting,

ſitting, in all the primneſs of expectation. Starch, ſtiff, laborious formality, was viſible in every thing, and I thought there was ſomething *punctilious* in the look of the very *furniture*. But alas! I ſoon found the formality was in *myſelf* —I was embarraſſed, and therefore imagined every thing near me *partook* the confuſion. How miſtaken! No ſooner had I expreſſed a wiſh to retire, than the wiſh was granted, without any pageantry of ceremony: Mrs. Darlington deſired I would do exactly at *her* houſe as I would do at *my own*.

Polite woman, ſaid I, as I was following the ſervant to my chamber—this Mrs. Darlington is certainly the *beſt bred woman in the world!* There is a criſis at which fatigue is favourable to repoſe, but a ſingle moment, *beyond* the criſis throws wearineſs on the pillow. I was, however, lucky in this reſpect,

and ſlept through the night, without once waking, to toſs, to turn, or to contemplate. The ſun and I got up chearfully together, though he did not ſeem to riſe with ſo ſplendid a countenance here, as I had been uſed to obſerve him, through the windows of my village. To ſay the truth, the morning after my arrival was the moſt lazy-looking morning I had ever beheld, and yet it was ſcarce leſs than ſix o'clock when I was dreſſed. Time, however, ſeldom hangs heavy on a man reſolved to improve it, and inclined to be ſatisfied. The proſpect from my apartment was a handſome ſquare, with a garden in the center. Through this ſquare I ſaw a woman dreſſed in a *man's blue ſurtout*, and ſauntering along with a pair of pails, mewing as ſhe went, like a cat in diſtreſs; then followed a foot-boy, ſhuffling over the pavement, and highly de-

lighted at the conceit of ſhaking the ends of a ſack, which hung over his ſhoulders, into the good woman's pail without her perceiving him. Some little time after, a ſolitary aſs came dreaming beneath panners, which appeared to contain vegetables for the market: at due, and drowzy diſtance, crept the driver, who looked, if poſſible, more ſleepy than his beaſt: but they both knew their buſineſs, and habit will carry a pack-horſe, we know, to the end of his cuſtomary ſtage without any eyes at all. It is to be preſumed, therefore, in theſe caſes, they *ſmell* their way. Certain it is, the aſs with *two* legs, and the aſs with *double* that number, croſſed the ſquare blindfold, without any deviation from the track, that led to the beginning of the next ſtreet. How many, alas! of their brethren wander from the right road,

as the phraſe is, when *broad awake*. This deſcendant of the ſagacious Balaam, deſerves therefore to be complimented.

I amuſed myſelf in this *idling* way for half an hour, and then went down ſtairs, which were carpetted—from top to bottom. But ſad was the ſurvey of all below—*ſtill* as midnight, and nearly as *dark*. The door of the ſtreet was chained—the ſhutters were cloſed with bars of painted iron—the cricket was complaining that the fires were out, and the pendulum clickt in its corner, a neglected, melancholy monitor. It pointed to me, however, the intelligence of wanting only four minutes to ſeven. It gave warning to ſtrike—That may be, ſaid I, but I ſuppoſe thee mayſt ſtrike again and again, before any one in this Caſtle of indolence will make thee an anſwer. The ſeven o'clock of

the

the country, is indeed ſo very different from the ſeven o'clock of London—at leaſt the polite part of it—that I inſtantly ran into the contraſt; for the readers will find (if readers I have) that I was a deſperate fellow to *think*, before I began to *act*; or in other words, that while I was all ſentiment, and no fact—(I hope the definers of modern ſentiment will forgive me) all theory, and no practice, it was very unuſual for me to let the minuteſt objects paſs, without producing a reflection—a ſhort converſation with myſelf--an ejaculation—a note of interrogation, or an exclamation: and for the firſt ten years of my life, this laſt matter was ſo very remarkable in me, that it became at laſt *characteriſtic*, and I was diſtinguiſhed in ſeveral circles, under the name of *honeſt Ebu!*

As I looked at the clock, which methought ſpoke very ſenſibly, I could not avoid rambling into a *contraſt*. All I have ſeen hitherto, I cried, is a mighty indolent collection of creatures truly. Dull, dreary, and ſolemn: now, what a different face has the time of the day in the country—a face, not of buſineſs only, but of joy. The milk-maid is ſinging at her pail, the ploughman is whiſtling over the furrow, the birds are offering up their hymns from the hedges, the very waves of the water ſeem to purſue each other in ſport, the leaves frolick to the gale, and the lambs are tripping over the lawns.

At the cloſe of this ſoliloquy, I conceived myſelf ſo prettily poetical, that I heartily forgave the gloom which at firſt occaſioned it, and in high good-humour with *myſelf*, re-aſcended the ſtair-caſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

I now laid down with perfect reſignation on the bed, till I might really hear ſomebody ſtirring: but as having no inclination to ſleep, becauſe I had *nothing to do* (which is however no uncommon excuſe for indolence) I reſolved to employ the period, in which I was thus ſhut up from ſociety, in ſketching a *ſcheme of life*, and laying a plan for my conduct in the capital.

Oh imagination, imagination, what a ſorcereſs—what a witch art thou! How doſt thou take reaſon by the hand, leading her through all thy lovely *wilderneſs of mazes*; now into the receſſes of the ſhade, now into the avenues of ſunſhine—ſtill intricate—ſtill entertaining—till the youthful adventurer puzzled as pleaſed in the purſuit, preſſes

onward with *too enterprizing a ſtep*, till thou leaveſt him, on a ſudden—a miſguided ſtranger in a *Fairy Land*.

Surely fancy never promiſed pleaſanter ſcenes, or painted more delightful figures, than at this moment, danced before me, in all the luxury, and decoration of romance!

Thou art now, ſaid I, Benignus, in the capital of the Britiſh world; a fortune to *accommodate*, with a heart to *beſtow*—ſome little diſcernment to *ſee*, and much health to *enjoy*. But pr'ythee now, my good lad, treaſure up the hints which have been given thee, learn wiſdom from the wiſe, and get underſtanding from experience. Already haſt thou ſeen ſomething worth *memorandum*: Extract uſeful morals from the whole. Thus runs the catalogue: thou haſt ſeen in the grocer, that *ſelfiſhneſs* is, at beſt, but a dirty, ſordid road to hap-

happineſs; and in Blewitt, that *benevolence* ſhould condeſcend to be guided by *diſcretion*. In Greaves behold the golden characters of *ſenſibility* and *œconomy*—of tenderneſs, diſciplined by prudence, of *bounty* regulated by *reaſon*. The manners of thy *villagers* may ſerve to ſhew thee, that thou wilt meet with much diſcontent—miſtake, and rudeneſs in thy migrations. The man who travels, muſt *pay* for his curioſity. In thy curate thou mayſt ſee that the ſyſtem of *philoſophic* patience is not proof againſt a fooliſh ſpark from a tobacco-pipe; and in the ways of thy earlier play-mates, thou obſerveſt, that he who endeavours to do a great deal of good, muſt have fortitude enough to bear calmly a great deal of mortification. Fore-warned, therefore, fore-armed; be *that* thy maxim. Act with deliberation: thou haſt already met, even ſince thy

arrival in London ſtrange matters—an obſtinate coachman; a lady of diſtinction without any *ſettled habitation*; and a woman ſtrolling intoxicated through the ſtreet at *ten o'clock*. Prepare thyſelf, therefore, for *oddities* of all ſorts. Keep honeſt prudence ever before you, and as thou journeyeſt along, eſteem *her* as the ſafeſt monitor of thy youth. Be very cautious, and be very happy.

This well-connected and ſolid chain of argument, put me in ſuch high ſpirits, and made me (in my own conceit) ſo very *clever* a fellow, I could lie no longer; but, ſpringing from the bed with the agility of a man, delighted with a flattering idea, I danced about the room as light as a feather; and ſeriouſly believing, I was now a *match* for all the artifices of the world, I cared not how ſoon I ſallied forth to encounter them.

By this time, my watch poſitively declared it was *eight o'clock*, and I began again to liſten, whether the morning had yet commenced in *London*. I heard a foot moving ſoftly upon the ſtairs: there was ſomething ſocial in the ſound, and in going towards it, I ſaw the maids, cautiouſly deſcending with their ſhoes in one hand, and candleſticks in the other. As I paſſed by them, they ſtared, as if to ſatisfy themſelves, whether it was really the *ſtrange gentleman*, or the ſtrange gentleman's *apparition*. A ſtrange gentleman aſſuredly they thought me, for upon aſking how long it would be before breakfaſt, and that, with the beſt-natured accent in the world, they replied with great aſtoniſhment—*breakfaſt*, ſir! why it is but a little paſt *eight o'clock*—O -an't it, ſaid I—(wiſhing not to ſeem a greater fool than neceſſary)—an't it, my dear; I declare,

declare, I ſuppoſed it might be almoſt *nine!*—*Nine, ſir*, anſwered the other maid—would you pleaſe to breakfaſt ſo *ſoon* as *nine* then?—No—no child, I replied, I will wait till your ladies get up. *That* will be 'twixt twelve and one, cried the girl. She now quite did for me, and I went ſneaking up the ſtairs a *third* time, feeling the *ridicule* of my own figure, and repeating the words *twelve* and *one*, with aſtoniſhing emphaſis at every ſtep, inſomuch that, as I mounted in the climax, I abſolutely ſtamped again: and thus diſturbed the family, by ringing the changes upon *twelve* and *one*.

Well, ſaid I, ſhutting the door, this is a pleaſant exiſtence truly—why, for ought I ſee, a man's life, in *this* town, ſhould be eſtimated, rather by the number of *nights* than days: fifty years out of the threeſcore and ten, of a London life,

life, are *paſſed between the blankets*—ſo that, allowing, upon an average, ten *more* to dreſſing, undreſſing, eating and drinking—two to ſauntering, five to ſickneſs, and two, to paying, and receiving viſits, there remains but the ſolitary unite either to be *good* or *happy*. Heaven help me! I am afraid I have got in a ſtrange family; for it can *never be*, that this great ſeat of trade and pleaſure, ſhould be ſuch a dreadful dormitory as that comes to—No—no—I have hit upon the fact, Mrs. Darlington's is a particular family, and contains a very heavy-headed tribe. Be this as it may, I will have at leaſt the prudence to hold my *tongue*, whatever uſe I make of my *eyes*. Indeed I will be cautious in *every thing*: ſaying this, I applied once more to the window for entertainment; and ſeeing a poor fellow at that time ſitting down in the ſquare to breakfaſt on a dirty

dirty piece of bread, I involuntary opened the ſaſh to aſk what objection he had to butter? None—ſaid the poor creature—no objection in the world, ſir—but I am a child of ſorrow—and had not lady Pamper's dog, (that lives at yon great houſe) objected to this piece of bread, I ſhould not have had *any* breakfaſt; *bad* is better than *none*, you know, ſir. I have reſolved to be *cautious*, friend, ſaid I, but I ſee you are hard pinched, and ſo—there's a ſhilling for you. I cloſed the window, priding myſelf upon having diſplayed that true medium betwixt bounty and profuſion, in giving *one* ſhilling inſtead of *two*. Yes, yes, ſaid I, I *ſee* there is nothing like it—a *cautious* man, is an *excellent character*.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

In theſe reflections I indulged myſelf till about ten minutes paſt twelve, when a footman, with a bunch of twiſted papers at his ears, came to acquaint me, that the ladies were waiting tea for me in the *library*. I obeyed this ſummons with pretty much that ſort of joy which a priſoner might be ſuppoſed to feel on receipt of an unexpected reprieve.

Mrs. Darlington and her niece were ſeated at an elegant tea-table, at which, a ſuperb ſervice of plate and china were exhibited. The tea was meaſured from a ſilver canniſter, and poured from a golden urn—but the *noon tide* ſun came rather too rudely into the room—that odious light puts out one's eyes, exclaimed the matron—lower the blinds, Alicia. Good day to you, ladies, ſaid

I, if it is not *too ſoon:* I unluckily aimed at humour, in this ſalutation. Why it *is* rather too ſoon, exclaimed the young lady, to call it day already; but you country 'ſquires always riſe, I think, with the lark, and go to bed with the crow—is not *that* the maxim? Pray draw a chair, couſin, ſaid Mrs. Darlington:—never mind that noiſy thing, but ſit down and get your breakfaſt. Lord, couſin, replied Alicia, what do you call this! Gemini! crimini! what have you got here?—ſhe lifted up the ſkirt of my coat, which had been the work of a rural taylor, and was not, (it ſeems) quite *ridiculous* enough for the London taſte. This really *won't do*, Benignus, continued miſs Darlington: I hope you reſted agreeably, couſin, ſaid Mrs. Darlington.—But I ſee, my good reader, there will be no end of your ſays *I's*, and

and ſays *ſhe's* in this caſe—ſo I'll e'en throw the breakfaſt-converſation into dialogue.

Alicia. It's a lovely fine morning, Benignus!

Mrs. D. What will you do with yourſelf after breakfaſt, couſin?

Alicia. Do you drink *ſugar?*

Mrs. D. I ſuppoſe you will ſmile at our *cream?*

Alicia. Shall I make your *tea* pretty ſweet?

Mrs. D. I hope you will make a long ſtay with us?

Alicia. I dare ſay, you admire the country?

Mrs. D. You don't *eat*, couſin?

Alicia. Do you find your *tea* agreeable, couſin?

Mrs. D. I am afraid you breakfaſt too late?

Theſe

Theſe *intereſting* queſtions all paſt, and repaſt, like the rebounds of battle-door and ſhuttle-cock, in about the ſpace of one minute; ſo that, in attempting to reply to each, I was kept in a continual ſtutter, now directing myſelf to the aunt, and now to the niece. At laſt came on an interval, which I did not fail to fill up, by informing the ladies, in a confuſed manner, by way of *general* anſwer: that I *reſted* well,—it was indeed a *fine morning*—I drank *ſugar*—did not propoſe *ſtaying long*—liked the country—perhaps, upon trial, might like *London better*—would take the *cream* juſt as I found it, but did not chooſe to *eat* any thing at preſent.

While I was thus ſpeaking with a tremulous voice, the old lady ſlanted her head till her right ear was exactly brought parallel to my mouth; and

Alicia

Alicia was biting her lips, and catching her breath, as if labouring to ſubdue the hickup. What does my couſin ſay, Alicia? cried Mrs. Darlington, ſtill remaining on the ſlope—what is he talking about? Alicia then, with a very grave face, and moſt audible force, recited the ſubſtance of my ſpeech. I now found that Mrs. Darlington was defective in the faculty of hearing; ſhe was indeed ſo *extremely* deaf, as ſcarce to underſtand the notes of her niece, which I had afterwards reaſon to believe, were in no degree wanting in ſhrillneſs.

When Mrs. Darlington, therefore, dealt forth her interrogotaries, they were intended only as a proper quantum of that inoffenſive chit-chat, well adapted to the tea-table, and juſt as agreeably inſipid as the tea itſelf. And as ſhe never heard one ſyllable, of the pertinent queſtions with which miſs

Alicia

Alicia plied me, ſhe imagined her inquiries to run thus: What will you do with yourſelf after breakfaſt, my dear couſin? As you are ſo great an admirer of the country, I fear at firſt, the time will hang heavy on your hands in town. You will ſmile at our dignifying water and milk, with the name of cream; and as you don't eat, I am afraid we breakfaſt too late for your uſual time.—Now theſe ſentences (with little momentary pauſes between) would have been pleaſing enough: and to do Mrs. Darlington juſtice, it muſt be confeſſed ſhe did make at leaſt a comma at each; but Alicia, who was both a wit, and a wag, ran her notes of interrogation, ſo rapidly between, that ſhe not only deſtroyed her aunt's ſtops, and my endeavours to anſwer, but played upon the imperfection of Mrs. Darlington, made *me* fit as if I was labouring under a vio-

a violent impediment, and confounded the whole converſation. Nor was this all: Alicia ſpeaking provokingly in a low voice, could not be *heard* in any degree by the poor lady, nor in her preſent oblique poſture could this fun-loving Alicia, be even *ſeen*; for Mrs. Darlington was ſitting on a contrary ſide of the chair, very attentively waiting my replies. It is more than poſſible, that Mrs. Darlington ſuppoſed I was *actually* making my reſponſes very regularly, and that, upon principles of politeneſs, ſhe rather bore the mortification of loſing every ſyllable, than give a ſtranger to her infirmity the trouble of repeating his ſentiments. She was a woman of real faſhion, and the inſtant ſhe underſtood from her rogueiſh interpreter, that I deſigned to employ my morning in taking a tranſient ſurvey of the town,

ſhe

ſhe ſaid her coach was now, and would always be at my ſervice; but when ſhe found I choſe walking, ſhe directed her footman to order Benjamin to attend me, adding, that, againſt my *next* excurſion ſhe would ſee out amongſt her young friends for a more ſuitable companion. This advance of friendſhip reinſtated her in my eſteem. I pitied her misfortune, and began again to think ſhe was the beſt natured woman breathing. Of the young lady, however, I made a memorandum, and ſet her down in the volume of extraordinaries.

In ſomething leſs than a quarter of an hour after the tea-things were removed, a young fellow of a florid complexion, with his hair curling in his neck, came to inform me Mr. Abrahams would wait upon me in five ſeconds. Mr. Abrahams, was the ſteward of Mrs. Darlington's eſtates, and had great ſhare

alſo

alſo in the management of her *domeſtic* affairs; and my couſin, willing to accommodate me in the beſt manner, went out herſelf to order the ſaid *ſteward*, rather than a common menial adherent, to attend me. At the time this meſſage was brought me, Alicia and I were looking over the books, with the *titles* of every one of which (numerous as they were) ſhe appeared to be acquainted; ſhe peruſed the *bearer* of this meſſage, as accurately as poſſible, the moment he entered; and indeed he was a very proper ſubject for *female criticiſm*.

Mr. Benjamin—for Benjamin it was, —was the *nephew* of this Mr. Abrahams—the footman *out of livery* to Mrs. Darlington—and the *favourite* of Mrs. Darlington's *niece*. He was now habited in a light green coat and waiſtcoat, neat buck-ſkin breeches, brown thread

ſtockings, a ruffled ſhirt, ſhining ſhoes, and ſilver buckles. Nor were *other* neceſſary appendages wanting; ſuch as an hazle ſwitch, headed with a piece of ivory, in his hand; a cravat, which, with a narrow edging, and tied careleſsly, adorned his neck—a garnet breaſt-buckle in the form of a heart, and a bunch of baubles depending from his watch; in a word, he might very well have paſſed for a young nobleman, whoſe paſſions, gravitating towards the kennel and the ſtable, had juſt come to London for the *day*, on purpoſe to have the pleaſure of riding home *to-morrow*; chiefly for the ſupreme exploit of telling his acquaintances how many ſcore of miles he can ride betwixt *ſun-riſe* and *ſun-ſet*.

As Alicia ſeemed to pay ſome ſort of reſpect to him, I inclined my head, at his entrance, rather nearer the earth than

than was neceſſary; or indeed, to ſpeak more properly, I was rather more *polite* than the eſtabliſhed laws of ſubordination preſcribe: for, having nothing about his dreſs that marked his real ſtation (except a broad fringe of ſilver that ſurrounded the button of his hat, which I did not directly take notice of, the hat being then under his arm), he might as eaſily be miſtaken for my lord *himſelf*, as my lord's *favourite jockey*. Mr. Benjamin was, however, I find my *lady's* gentleman; and a ſmart, *tight*, *taking* lad he was, as ever came a volunteer into the honourable ſervice. Which way do you intend to ramble, ſaid Alicia, ſpeaking to me, and *looking* at Benjamin? Through the Park, miſs, I anſwered—for no other reaſon, but becauſe it was the only place I could venture to talk about, without danger of feeling her wit. Tell your uncle then, Ben—

I believe indeed she might say *Mr.* Ben—tell your uncle he must go with my coz. through St. James's, *so then* up by Westminster-Abbey, and *so then* by the House of Lords, and *so then* home by Pall Mall; you'll return by dinner, Benignus? If possible said I—looking seriously at my watch—if possible, but pray don't let me *wait*; you see it is *now*, one o'clock—so that I am afraid I can't promise—Why not, cried Alicia, why not, you have four hours good, and the deuce is in it, if you will not have had enough for one day, long enough before then? I had totally forgot again the new regulation of times and seasons; albeit I made the best of my mistake: then you dine at five, cousin? Soon *after* it, said she. Very well, I rejoined, then you may *depend* on me, and if Mr. Benjamin will go see for his uncle, I will set off di——

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

Di—*rectly*, would have been pronounced, had not the two laſt ſyllables of that word, been cut off, by the appearance of Mr. Abrahams himſelf. This ſerious perſonage was altogether different, both in look and dreſs, from his nephew Mr. Benjamin; being rather ſwarthy, than fair, and formal than ſpruce.—Now then, young ſir, if you pleaſe, ſaid he, not much in the tone of a domeſtic — now, let us *make hay, while* the ſun ſhines,—with all my heart Mr. Abrahams, I replied, for we are ſomething late. Better late than never, ſaid the ſteward—miſs Alicia your humble ſervant; Benjamin, I underſtand from my lady, thee art to follow us. Ben bowed, Alicia curtſied, Abrahams bent his neck, as if he hated compli-

ment, (that is to *pay* it) and I, went ſcraping like a ſchool-boy, out of the room.

And now it was that the expreſſion of Mr. Greaves became forcibly exemplified; for, "curioſity indeed, paid the debt to ſurrounding ſplendour;" my eyes and heart were immediately taken captive, and led, not unwillingly, in the pleaſing chains of inexhauſted novelty. I walked amid the ambition of buildings, and the clatter of carriages, as if under enchantment; and at the entrance of the Mall (which was on that day, crouded with company), I did not think that the paradiſe of Mahomet could be more elegantly diſplayed: for here, beauty, wealth, and elegance, were on all ſides exhibited, and what chiefly pleaſed me, was the appearance of *ſatisfaction* that crowned the whole. The dreſs and diſcourſe of every party might be various, but *happineſs*, ſeemed

to be uniform: an ill tempered man would here have loſt his errand, and gone home diſappointed: the ladies were ſprightly, and ſmiling; the gentlemen were affable, and gallant; youth and age appeared equally to be delighted, and my heart ſo ſympathized and expanded, at the view of ſo many hundreds of my fellow-creatures ſocial and agreeable, that I could not help catching Mr. Abrahams by the hand, and in the genuine effuſions of tranſport, exclaiming, Heaven and earth! my dear, what a *joyful proſpect*, is this! A *joyful* proſpect, quoth the ſteward—Alack!—alack, ſir!—much cry, and little wool,—all is not gold that glitters—*fronti nulla fides*.—Benjamin, an't that there fellow, who *laughs* ſo loud, along with the woman there, in a blue ſack, the poor devil who came with a diamond ring for me to buy the other

day—verily, I think it's he.—Yes ſir, ſaid Benjamin, *'tis* he, ſure enough—Why he looks the merrieſt of the whole groupe, ſaid I.—That very ſcoundrel, replied Abrahams, is the moſt notorious *black-legs* in town; he has ruined his whole family, and is twenty thouſand pounds in debt. Mercy upon us! ſaid Benjamin, lifting up his hands!—mercy upon us! Heigho! ſighed I—who would think it? Ah! ha! cried Benjamin ſoftly, yet with ſome emotion, there ſhe is, by gingo!—Here he plucked me gently by the ſleeve, aſking me, in a whiſper, if I took notice of a young woman on one of the benches, and if I did not think ſhe was the *moſt handſomeſt* creature I had ever ſeen, ſince I had eyes in my head? The latter part of this queſtion, was uttered rather warmly, ſo that before I had time to anſwer it, Abrahams turned about,

and

and Benjamin (who all along kept awe-ful diſtance) ſlunk behind. We now paſt by a perſon, whom Mr. Abrahams ſaluted very obſequiouſly, calling him *his honour*, inquiring after his family, and profeſſing himſelf at parting, his *moſt obedient*, and *eternally devoted ſervant*. That muſt be a moſt reſpectable character thought I to myſelf; and I long to know him: Pray Mr. Abrahams, what worthy gentleman was that, you ſhook by the hand—A worthy gentleman, ſir! replied Abrahams; as errant a *raſcal* as any in the three kingdoms—burning the candle at both ends—has got ſix ſons—muſt come all to the pariſh—and is, at this very time, in treaty with an *honeſt man*, who has ſaved up a trifle by induſtry, to ſupply him with a cool thouſand upon the *laſt* mortgage. And ſo then, (thought I) well-bred perſons it ſeems, are the *moſt*

obedient and *eternally devoted ſervants* of the *erranteſt raſcal* in the three kingdoms; and to ſhew their politeneſs the more eminently, will even ſhake this *identical raſcal* by the hand, with the ſame cordiality, that they would embrace a very honeſt fellow.

By this time we had got to the top of the Park, and having now had a view of the *gayer* parts of the town, I expreſſed a deſire to walk rather into ſome of the ſtreets of buſineſs, than into the gloom of Weſtminſter-Abbey: A wiſh which the ſteward gladly obeyed, obſerving that, *trade was the thing*, and that every other point upon earth was traſh and flaſh, and flummery, and nonſenſe, and nothing at all. Benjamin ſeemed much to wiſh we would take another turn down the Mall, but perceiving his uncle againſt it, dared not heſitate; though I could plainly perceive

ceive the poor lad's heart was upon one of the benches.

Accordingly we plunged into the great ſcenes of buſineſs, and had no ſooner got within Temple-bar, than the contraſt became ſo viſible, that the building appeared to be the boundary of a *different world*, inhabited by a different race of mortals. A ſtep of diſpatch, an eye of attention, and a face of care, diſtinguiſhed almoſt all we *met*, from almoſt all we had *left*. If one neighbour met another, he took him haſtily by the hand, nodded his head, and preſſed eagerly forward: whereas, on the contrary, I obſerved parties in the Park, ſaunter indolently along, or form themſelves into little ſocieties, and ſometimes hold a long converſation. *Here* alſo, the *beaſt*, ſeemed to ſhare the impatience of the *man*; the very horſes, as if animated

by the general hurry, were either vigorouſly toiling in the car, or bounding along with the coach: even *death* was diſregarded; and the hearſes rolled beſide us with all the ſprightlineſs of bridal chariots; nay, I beheld a fellow running a-croſs the way, with a *coffin* over his ſhoulder; and heard him at the ſame time *curſe* a ſcavenger, who obſtructed his way.

Abrahams jogged on with the utmoſt indifference, except that now and then, he ſaid, he wiſhed Mrs. Darlington lived *in the city*, and that he thought Thames-ſtreet infinitely preferable to all the jumble of St. James's. At laſt he diſpatched Benjamin with an errand, firſt aſking my permiſſion. The errand luckily happened to lie at Charing-croſs; and Benjamin, either out of affection he bore his uncle, or ſome *other* perſon, ran forward as faſt as his legs could

could carry him. I now took a peep into the *ſhops*, in every window of which was diſplayed a moderate fortune. Every thing that could give taſte to attracting trifles, or decorations to that which was actually neceſſary; all that could accommodate the *perſon* with convenience, with luſtre, and with magnificence, lay open to the eye. The agreeable and glittering temptations were indeed ſo artfully *diſpoſed*, and ſo ſkilfully had Invention varied her trinkets, that the paſſenger was irreſiſtibly invited to lay out his money; and yet Abrahams, ſeldom turned his head, even to look at them. I was much captivated by the glaſs-caſe of a jeweller, when, ſtopping to look over the ſplendid toys which it contained, I aſked the ſteward if he was not amazed to ſee ſo many pretty, ſhewy contrivances? Not at all amazed, anſwered he, ſir, to *ſee* them, but very

much

much amazed to think there are any people weak and *ignoramus* enough to buy them; but, as I always ſaid, a fool and his money is ſoon parted. There was a little box however, which particularly pleaſed me, and which I was reſolved to purchaſe, in defiance of all the proverbs of Solomon or Abrahams; I went into the ſhop, while Abrahams, ſtood grinning at the door, as much as to ſay, he did not like the buſineſs.

The trader was one of the neateſt, beſt ſpoken, obliging beings that ever hopped round a counter; his face was exceeding pale, and made ſtill paler by the powder on his pate, which was rather flat than oval, but there was a gaiety in his eyes (even though they were grey), which compenſated for ſomething of deadneſs, in the reſt of his countenance. He drew out the glaſs adroitly, and gave me, with flippant affability,

the

the hiſtory and intent of every bauble. I was really quite taken with the man's *politeſſe*; and though I had no ſort of intention to buy more than the little box, yet he ſo clearly proved to me the indiſpenſible neceſſity and uſe of ſeveral articles, of which I never before had an idea, or indeed knew that the world contained in it any ſuch articles, that, in leſs than twenty minutes, this courteous jeweller abſolutely talked me out of ſeven guineas and a half. I made purchaſe of a ſhining chain for my watch, which the trader proteſted was the moſt *delicate workmanſhip in the three kingdoms* —I bought two cryſtal ſeals, becauſe he very properly obſerved, that a *good chain* ought to have *handſome appendages*, in the ſame manner as a good houſe ought to have handſome furniture. I bought a ſilver tooth-pick caſe, becauſe he ſaid no gentleman was without one,

and,

and, beſides, they looked *mighty pretty* in the hand after dinner: theſe, with my box, completed my marketings, with which I departed, and as I went out of the door, informed Mr. Abrahams (with ſomewhat of triumph in the tone of my voice) of my bargain, aſking him at the ſame time, if he did not think I had them *a pennyworth?*

A pennyworth, ſir!—cried the ſteward, (ſneering up his upper-lip, till it touched the tip of his noſe, and twitching up the waiſtband of his breeches with infinite diſdain, though not ſo as to tear them) a pennyworth! —Every man knows his own buſineſs beſt—Some ſave, and ſome do *not* ſave —many reſervoirs—many fountains— Don't you think them cheap then, ſaid I?—The Lord knows, ſir, anſwered Abrahams—What's cheap to one, may be dear to another, you know—Many men,

men, many minds—But what do you think—rejoined I?——Think—replied the ſteward, raiſing his voice about four notes,—think—Why I think—but I don't nevertheleſs preſume to judge for you—yet I ſay, I think I would look at the trumpery *once*, and my ſeven golden guineas ſeven and twenty thouſand *thouſand* times, before I would part with a braſs *happeny* for all the things in the raſcal's ſhop; for not a thing there can I ſee that a reaſonable man has any ſort of occaſion for. Why, I have lived in this ſame London, now ſir, eight and forty years, and better than forty-eight,—have ſeen all the *catch-penny conundrums* that ever were invented to take people in, and yet I never laid out a crooked ſix pence upon any of them; and, what's better ſtill, I hope (with God's grace) I never ſhall; for, between you and I, ſir, thoſe ſhew-

away

away fellows are mere pick-pockets, mere pick-pockets—raſcals that live by *ſnatch* and *catch:* and will have one hand in your fob, as I may ſay, while t'other is ſqueezing you out a welcome —No, ſir—ſolid buſineſs—merchandize, brokerage, and ſuch *fair and ſquare* dealings, are the things for me.

The ſtructure of St. Paul's now commanded my notice, and I looked at it as worthy the Deity to whom it was devoted; and the Apoſtle (ſaid I to Abrahams) whoſe name it bears, might not bluſh to preach in it. It is a *vaſt piece of work*, to be ſure, anſwered the ſteward, cautiouſly pulling out his watch, and regulating it by the dial, but I never was nearer it than I am now: I am pretty right I believe—If you chooſe to ſee the inſide, I will attend you to the warder, and wait at the door till you return. And is it poſſible,

ſaid

ſaid I, that you could be ſo many years in town, and let ſuch an edifice as this eſcape you? Very poſſible, he replied, that I ſhould *eſcape*, as you call it, this edifice, and every other of the like kind; for I never ſet my foot within *a church* ſince I was born. No!—cried I, in aſtoniſhment. No, replied the ſteward, never, indeed. Doctors and doctrines differ you know, ſir—In this town there are many religions—Many religions, Mr. Abrahams!——I mean, ſaid Abrahams, many *ways* of being religious—But ſurely, the eſtabliſhed proteſtant, ſaid I!—Eſtabliſhed fiddleſtick, quoth Abrahams (prudently depoſiting his watch into his fob, as he heated in his argument)—what matters it whether I chooſe to perform my journey on horſe-back, or on foot, by this road, or by that? So as I get to the inn at *laſt*, that's enough. What's that to you?

you? under favour, ſir—What's that to you?—I'll tell you what, young gentleman, churches and chapels are all a joke; a man may be as much in the way of working out his ſalvation as he walks along the ſtreets, as if he was to wear out the knees of his breeches by prayer. Faith and good works—hope and charity. *Good works*, above all things, that's the point—that's the creed—that's little He—that's *ſalvation*, ſir!—The drops of diſputation began to ſtart in his forehead, and he collected as much wind into his mouth as he poſſibly could, that he might cool his ferment with a whew——I looked at him without ſpeaking,—becauſe I really did not know what to ſay. He had not, indeed, yet done, for though the preſs of people began ſuddenly to be ſevere, this good man, in ſpite of ſweat or ſqueezing, muttered forth ſeveral heavy

ſarcaſms

ſarcaſms againſt *pulpits*, *parſons*, *churches*, and *chapels*; ſtill inſiſting that *good works* alone, would ſave the ſoul. Though I did not extremely reliſh Mr. Abrahams' ſyſtem, yet I honoured him for his principle, as to good works, and began to believe, that, however he might be miſtaken, in ſome of his maxims, his *grand* tenet was right, and might poſſibly make him a benevolent member of ſociety.

CHAP. LIV.

We had juſt diſentangled ourſelves from the croud, when the ſteward perceived he had loſt one of his ſhoe-buckles: a diſcovery which produced much agitation, and a reſolution (with my leave) to *hunt after it*, when the people were diſperſed; by which means,

ſays

ſays he, at leaſt, I ſhall perhaps obtain *ſome part* of it. I repreſented to him the little likelihood of this. Sir, replied he, with a rueful tone and geſture, pointing to his foot—ſir, don't you ſee that it is *ſilver*—Silver, ſir, ſolid ſilver, as I hope to be ſaved! and thirteen years ago, the pair coſt me nine ſhillings and ſix pence. I ſhan't be able to anſwer it to my conſcience if I don't ſee after it; beſides, I had rather ſpend a pound than loſe a penny. Very true, ſaid I, Mr. Abrahams, I ſee you have ſo many ſtrong arguments in your favour, that we will wait till the coaſt is a little clear, and then, for conſcience ſake, I will aſſiſt you in the ſearch. Mean time, ſir, (ſaid Abrahams, highly pleaſed with my condeſcenſion) ſuppoſe you were to amuſe yourſelf in that bookſeller's ſhop (where you may look over all the books, ſuch is the convenience

of

of a lounging place, without laying out any thing) while I will keep my ground, and ſee that nobody ſtoops to take up my buckle, and ſo march off with *my property*—There are ſharpers, ſir, at every corner of this town; and unluckily, there is more *gape* about this curſed ſpot, with pictures on the one ſide, and a damned great lumbering building, (God forgive me!) on the other, than at any quarter of the whole city. He now ſtood, fixed as a rock, and vigilant as a lynx; while I, purſuing his advice, ſauntered into the ſhop of a bookſeller.

There are ſeveral places in this metropolis, (and indeed all over this kingdom), particularly adapted to encourage idleneſs. A bookſeller's, a barber's, a chandler's, and a milliner's; and theſe, both in London and in the country, are immemorially famous for ſheltering

thoſe

thoſe people who have little *to do*, and much to ſay. Hence we conſtantly find them filled and frequented by indolents of all denominations. Half-pay officers, gentlemen who live, as they term it, on their means, and gentlemen who live upon *ways*, without any *means* at all; ladies who ſet the faſhions, ladies who *follow* the faſhions, and ladies who only love to *ſee* and *talk about* the faſhions, without any power to do more than hobble in the train, at an humble, imitative diſtance: theſe are connected with the milliner. The barber and the chandler, for the vulgar; and the bookſeller, for the lazy, the learned, and the laborious.

There were ſeveral of this kind of cuſtomers in the ſhop when I went in, and two or three people *really* making purchaſes. Seeing buſineſs on foot, and a chair empty, I ſat down, and ran

my

my eye over a pamphlet that laid upon the counter. Pray Mr. Luton, ſaid one of the cuſtomers, holding a book in his hand, does this *do any thing?* Why not much, ſir, it *moves but ſlowly*. Ay, ay, *feſtina lente*, ſaid the other—the fellow has a pretty knack at *novels*, I think. I don't much admire his *poetry*. Oh, execrable, replied Luton; he is a mere blockhead at *verſe*, though I ventured to give ſomething for his *Miſcellanies*. Did *they* do?—Very well for the paſtry-cook, I believe, rejoined Luton—I ſold them by the lump to the man yonder: he had the whole impreſſion for ſeven and ſix pence,—yet, as they were upon the luſcious order, and therefore likely to run through the libraries, I ſtruck off a thouſand: horridly taken in, to be ſure; but it's all a lottery, all a lottery, ſir.—Well, replied the cuſtomer, I'll take theſe

Pope's, and when you get any thing *tolerable*, do let me know—Oh—pray, Mr. Luton, how did your four volumes of *Moral Philoſophy*, by Dabbleall, go off? He is a doer of all works, methinks, and the fellow has certainly a *turn*. Ay, cried Luton, that may be, but I have *turned* him *off*, for all that. He is dull, ſir, deviliſh dull, dull as orthodoxy. I declare to you, his Philoſophy has not yet paid advertiſements: I *told* him it was too much in the old ſtyle—God, God, God; nothing but *God* and *goodneſs*, and go to *church*, and go *to bed early*, through the whole—Says I to him, now pray, my dear Mr. Dabbleall, be a little *heterodox*, a little out of the way, now do; don't go off, in the old report, with a moral at your head, and a proverb at your a——e, I beſeech you don't. You know, people ſleep over theſe *mighty good ſort of writ-*

ings.

ings. A touch of the Tabernacle, for Heaven's ſake, my dear Dab.

Well, and what *ſaid* he, cried the buyer, preparing to go out? *Said* he, rejoined Mr. Luton, ſternly, why he ſaid nothing. I might as well have endeavoured to drive an hackney beyond his houſe of call, as that mule of a fellow out of his track. No, ſir, no: he wrote obſtinately on, ſtringing together his damned collection of morals, into four volumes 8vo. and preachifying, till he *piouſly picked my pocket* of above a hundred and fifty guineas; beſides the twenty, (here he caught the gentleman by the wriſt), I generally gave him for the copy before the firſt volume was worked off. But, heaven be praiſed, I have waſhed my hands of him, and ſo he and his devotion may go to the devil together.—This is a ſtrange town, cried the gentleman, that can neither

be pleaſed with *religion*, or *bawdry*—Not at all, replied Luton, not at all, ſir; it is the happy mixture of both together—a little of *both*, delicately daſhed, that does the buſineſs. Here, here's a little fellow now (taking a book from a ſhelf behind him) here's a lad knows how to tickle up the town to a tittle: knows how to feel the pulſe of the public to a nicety. Lookee, ſir, pointing to the title page, fifth edition, with additions, and *came out* only the beginning of the winter—every thing he writes runs like wildfire, he has ſuch a way of *wrapping the thing up*—ſuch a a—a—a, ſir, method of mixing the honey with the ſting—ſuch a—a knack at playing off the *paſſions*—Oh Lord, ſir, he is a ſpecial journeyman, indeed; ay, and works reaſonably—but I beg pardon, my cuſtomers I ſee are waiting; —Mr. Queriſt, your very humble ſervant,

vant, ſir. Good morrow to you, ſaid the gentleman, and went out. He now ſerved other people, and they going away likewiſe, I was juſt riſing from my chair to converſe with Mr. Luton, when a tall, ſpare figure came ſtalking into the ſhop, taking out of his boſom a large packet, and preſenting it to the bookſeller. There is volume the firſt, cried the ſpectre. In God's name, Mr. Lemuel, ſaid Luton, (caſting his eye at a chaſm in his breeches, which I believe might originally have been whiteiſh), why do you come out in the day-time? You know the credit of me and my ſhop, and every body knows your trade in a twinkle. This was delivered in a ſort of half-whiſper, articulating as it were grinningly, through the teeth. Sir, ſaid the author, (for ſuch he was) I was driven into this ſtep, by a precipitate and particular neceſſity; for my

landlord begins to mention the *ſubject* of arrears and rent to me, and therefore you will advance me the price of *this*—laying his ſable palm upon the parcel—directly, becauſe the remarks of mine hoſt are not only pathetic, but have therewith a tincture of the terrible. What before the *proofs* are corrected, cried Luton? That's out of the regular channel, you know Mr. Lemuel; but, as a matter of indulgence, and in conſideration of that aperture in your breeches, I will come down half a guinea, and truſt to your honour to go on with the ſame care, as if you had not received a farthing. Men of letters *ought* to be ſometimes encouraged; and as I really believe you have a little outrun the conſtable in the purchaſe of that laſt pair of ſhoes, I can't refuſe you: there, ſir. He told out ten ſhillings and ſix pence, from a purſe which appeared

peared to contain about ſixty pounds, and the petitioner (after having given a written acknowledgment for the ſum) took it up, made his bow, and walked away, without any diſagreeable ſentiment whatever. He was ſcarce gone, when another perſon, in a full trimmed ſuit of black velvet, came ſtrutting into the ſhop, with a look, tread, and tone of great authority. Luton, ſaid he, you muſt let me have three hundred to-morrow: the Hiſtory will make eight quarto volumes, and I will not take ſix pence leſs than 150 l. each. Really, ſir, ſaid Luton, you put me to a *nonpluſh*, I am quite out of caſh—have a *large ſum to make up* for my printer againſt the beginning of the week—I wiſh therefore——A fig for your wiſhes, ſir, replied the demandant, (elevating his head, and expanding his cheſt), ſhall I have the money?—What

time will you call in the city, ſir, anſwered Luton, ſneakingly—*I* call in the city, Mr. Luton—What do you mean by that? A conflagration conſume the city—Who's to run after you, hey? I have a houſe I ſuppoſe, yes, and in a Square, and I preſume you know too, that there is a certain brazen intelligencer upon the door, and I expect you by eleven o'clock. I ſay no more,—but I expect, d—m—e I expect you! So ſaying, he turned upon his heel, threw his body of literature into a carriage, which was waiting for him at the door, and left Luton to meditate upon the three hundred pounds.

I now roſe a ſecond time, and deſired to ſee the Magazines for the month: while I was turning over theſe, Abrahams came in, begging me ten thouſand pardons, and moſt bitterly complaining that he had been groping almoſt upon his

his hands and knees this hour, to no manner of purpoſe, for he could ſee no ſigns of his property; and that, hard as it was, he muſt e'en put up with the loſs; and was ready to attend me to dinner. I propoſed going back in a coach, to which Mr. Abrahams, confeſſing himſelf heartily tired (and knowing poſſibly that there would be no great matter for *him* to pay) readily conſented. I purchaſed a pamphlet, a coach was called, and we ſet off for Mrs. Darlington's.

CHAP. LV.

About the middle of Fleet-ſtreet, Abrahams happened to caſt his eye upon the ſhop of a ſilverſmith; and this bringing ſtrongly to mind the misfortune of his buckle, he cried out with ſome emotion, what a pretty morning's

work have I made of it, indeed; yes, yes, fine misfortunes, indeed—a buckle too, that I have had so long, and a buckle of silver into the bargain, and a buckle that might have been in the shoe of my Benjamin, when I am laid low in my grave!—Stop coachman, stop, said I, set us down here a minute. I took the unhappy steward by the hand, and walked with him into the shop. If I thought I could match it now, said Abrahams, as he passed towards the door, I would certainly be extravagant for once, though I believe I have a pair of respectable metal buckles in the house too: he could, however, find no fellow to that which was on his foot; and truly, its fellow would not very easily have been found in any shop within the liberties of London: for, besides that it was in fashion thirteen years ago, it was so excessively small and thin,

with

with the wear and tear of ſo many hard winters, that I apprehend a ſilver groat would have turned the ſcale, and fairly out-valued it.

Not being able, therefore, to provide a companion for the old one, he thought of *bartering* with it for a ſecond hand pair; and to this purpoſe he unbuckled, laid the ſolitary ſervant upon the counter, and deſired to know what it was worth, or rather, what he could allow him in the exchange, ſhould he chooſe to become a purchaſer. As much as any body in the buſineſs, ſir, ſaid the ſilverſmith, and while I determine its value, perhaps, if you look over the drawer on the other ſide, you may ſuit yourſelf; and depend upon it, you are come *to the cheapeſt ſhop in town*. We examined a variety of ſhewy goods, to all of which Mr. Abrahams, the ſteward, had but *one* objection, viz. that he

was morally ſure, the fellow would aſk three times more than, as an honeſt man, he ought; for, ſir, ſays he, drawing up his jaws ſignificantly, there is no gueſſing at the value of a buckle, while theſe heavy tongs and anchors are in them. Mean time the ſilverſmith was employed, at the oppoſite counter, in weighing the old buckle, which he preſently informed us came to ſeventeen pence halfpenny. Seventeen pence halfpenny! cried the ſteward, (turning ſhort about, and twitching the fore-top of his wig); why man, the pair coſt me nine ſhillings and ſix pence, and they are as good as new. There is a great difference betwixt buying and ſelling, you know, ſir, obſerved the trader, and there is nobody *now* will put ſuch a thing as this (turning the anchor backwards and forwards) upon the foot. Won't they? Why not pray, ſaid Abrahams,

hams, while the colour came flushing over his cheek-bone—Why not, hey? It don't signify disputing, sir, about such a trifle, of which I have offered you the full value, rejoined the trader; and if you have a mind to take the money, there it is: if not, you are welcome to the trouble you have given me, and your buckle into the bargain. I am, *am* I! What, after you have bruis'd the anchors all to pieces, hey? replied Abrahams. I thank you for your love, but I am a man that knows the world; an odd old bird, that knows wheat from chaff. I'll have my buckle, exactly as I gave it you, sir. What a devil business had you to mangle my property in this manner—in this way? He ran on for several minutes, and at last ask'd, in a growling voice, what would be the lowest price of the pair hanging over the window? Why, said the siversmith, they are only plated,

were

were made many ages ago, and being old ſtyle, will come cheap. *Plated*, ſneer'd Abrahams with ineffable contempt; then, I ſuppoſe, inſtead of ſeventeen, you would not give me ſeven pence, if I ſhould chooſe to diſpoſe of them a twelvemonth hence? No, nor ſeven farthings neither, ſaid the tradeſman, returning his ſneer. Thou art a very ſaucy fellow, rejoined the ſteward, and I would go with my ſhoe-ſtraps about my heels to eternity, before I would buy a pair of thee. As you pleaſe, ſir, ſaid the ſmith; and, to tell you the truth, I don't care how few of ſuch cuſtomers I have to my back. Abrahams was huddling up his broken ſilver (not forgetting the iron thereunto belonging), and was buſtling away in high dudgeon, when I begg'd him to ſtop a moment. No, ſir, anſwer'd he; no, ſir, I will wait for you in the coach, but

but I will not ſtay another ſecond in this ſhop, for all the *furbiſh'd up ſtuff* it contains: ſo ſaying, he went out grumbling and grinning in a moſt violent manner.

I now rewarded the pains of the ſilverſmith, by purchaſing a pair of neat and new ſilver buckles, received his thanks, with my goods, nicely wrapped up in a piece of paper, and went forthwith to the coach. I had not got my foot upon the ſtep, before I heard Abrahams ſeverely chiding a woman who had been ſweeping the croſſway with a beſom, for having the impudence to deſire alms, when ſhe had ſo good a trade in her hands; and when I do not doubt, ſaid he, but you have extorted more money from paſſengers this very morning, than would make good the loſs of the ſilver buckle which I loſt in St. Paul's Church-Yard. Indeed, ſir, cried

cried the woman, I have not taken but one half-penny to day, though half a thouſand folks have *gone over my croſſing* without duſting their ſhoes, and that one was flirted at me by a young man who wanted to ſee if he could not hit the old woman on the head, by ſending a halfpenny as he would play at taw, and ſo, wantonly—God bleſs him—jerkt it at me from his finger and thumb, in this manner; and, after all, ſir, lookee, it is but a *Brum*. Do, therefore, dear, good ſir, for charity's ſake.—Charity, my b—k—de, ſaid Abrahams, pr'ythee woman don't be troubleſome, go civilly away, for I won't give thee a *ſous*. Coachman, drive on; ſaying this, he drew up diſdainfully one of the glaſſes. The poor woman really looks faint, and, I think, Mr. Abrahams, ſaid I, we ſhould ſo far oblige her, as to throw her a little copper; and then, letting

down

down the glaſs, I gave her two-pence. — As you like, exclaimed old Good Works, as you like: *I* have loſt enough, ſir, for one morning already. The coach now proceeded, and Abrahams ſat ſullenly ſwelling in one corner, leaning his arm againſt the left pannel, chagrin'd much at the buckle, but more, at what he call'd the ſaucineſs of the *ſeller* of buckles. When I had ſeen Mr. Abrahams exhibit his temper thus far, I was reſolv'd, if poſſible, to bring him about a little, before I reſign'd him over to melancholy reflections in his counting-houſe: and, in this manner, I began to adminiſter a ſalve for all his ſores. Mr. Abrahams, I think myſelf much obliged to you for your company in my rambles of the morning; but I cannot without concern reflect, that in procuring me this pleaſure, it has been productive of *your* inconvenience;

convenience; and, as it has ſo fallen out, I muſt in ſome degree inſiſt upon repairing it. The word *repairing*, like ſudden ſunſhine in ſtormy weather, work'd wonders upon the features of Abrahams, which, from the gloom of wrathful wrinkles, became ſoften'd into the moſt ſmiling ſymptoms of complacence; and when I put the paper which contain'd the buckles into his hand (re-inſiſting upon his acceptance as a *debt* due to him for his *civility*), he only affected to refuſe, that I might preſs them the more eagerly upon him, and ſo give him a better opportunity to receive them, without exciting in my breaſt any ſentiment to his diſadvantage; for Mr. Abrahams was a great obſerver of forms; and, although he was at the bottom as ſelfiſh a mortal as could poſſibly exiſt, yet he took great care, in general, to ſave appearances, and

— without,

without, in reality, ever doing a ſingle praiſe-worthy action, was generally talk'd of as a very *religious*, *knowing*, *well-meaning*, *good kind* of a man. He took the buckles, and ſo well contrived it, as to fix the obligation on my ſide; for, as he put them into his pocket, he very gravely aſſured me, that rather than *affront* me by a denial, ſuch was his *regard*, he would wear the buckles, even though they came from the ſhop of the moſt ſcoundrelly ſilverſmith in the city of London.

Thus was good-humour reſtor'd to the ſteward, who chuckled and chatted all the reſt of the way; and when we arrived at Mrs. Darlington's, he jumpt out of the coach with the briſkneſs of a boy, and handed me obſequiouſly into the hall.—We had forgot to pay the coachman, and I ſaw the ſteward in a dilemma—he fumbled in his pockets

ſome

ſome time, then producing a guinea, aſk'd, with a trembling voice, for change; though I could plainly ſee how much his avarice was alarmed leſt the driver ſhould happen to have ſo much ſilver about him. I relieved his diſtreſs, by ſatisfying the fare, while the good man was making many excuſes for giving me ſo much trouble, and lamenting his want of looſe ſilver, which, he proteſted, for the future, he would always carry in his pocket.

CHAP. LVI.

The dinner was ſerving up as I entered the dining-parlour, where I was no ſooner ſeated, than I related the adventures of the morning, concealing only the preſent of the buckles. The ladies were highly entertained by the

narra-

narrative, and Miſs Alicia was particularly ſmart in her remarks, till I came to animadvert on the behaviour of Benjamin. This intelligence, I confeſs, was reſerv'd as a *coup de grace*, becauſe (ſhrewdly ſuſpecting the ſtate of the young lady's mind, and willing to gratify a piece of pleaſant revenge), I was reſolv'd to ſee what effect the relation of this incident would have upon the conſtitution of this lively laſs, who had taken much delight in playing upon my inexperience ever ſince I came into the houſe. I had no ſooner, therefore, mentioned Benjamin's warm encomium of the young woman on the bench; adding, likewiſe, in a jocular manner, that I preſum'd Mr. Benjamin had *his favourites*; than the face and neck of Alicia were cover'd with an unuſual ſuffuſion of crimſon, which, in the next moment diſappearing, left her as pale

and

and languid as a lily. She cut the ſlices upon her plate over and over again, till in the end they were ſmall enough for the mouth of a ſparrow; and yet, after all, ſhe had neither inclination or intention to eat. Mrs. Darlington, who, though a well-bred woman, was not a very accurate obſerver, took no notice of theſe changes in her niece, whoſe diſtreſs ſoon became ſo evident, that ſhe was obliged to riſe from table, and counterfeit a terrible head-ach, for a diſquietude, which, in fact, ſat much nearer to the heart.

I now pitied her moſt ſincerely, and execrated myſelf for the unneceſſary miſchief I had occaſioned. Vile propenſity, ſaid I,—pitiful paſſion this,—that leads us to repay every petty offence in kine! How could I ever perſuade myſelf to ſtoop ſo low as to recriminate? and, becauſe I ſmarted beneath a mo-

a momentary ſally of wit, I muſt needs take advantage of a bare conjecture, and purſue my purpoſe, till I wrung the tender confeſſion from the heart; and that, the heart of a *woman*, and that woman a *relation*. Oh fie upon it, fie upon it! I *feel* myſelf bluſh!

When poor Alicia aroſe, Mrs. Darlington aroſe with her, appearing ſenſibly to feel her anxiety, and ſo they went ſighing up ſtairs together. I was now, therefore, left alone to the enjoyment of my reflections; and theſe ſoon brought on, ſoliloquy the ſecond. Why, friend Benignus, this is a brave *ſetting out!* A noble exploit truly!—Thou haſt ſpoilt a very excellent dinner, and ſent the founders of the feaſt weeping away. The banquet is thy own: pr'ythee then fall too, enjoy it, and complete thy triumphs, by rioting in the hoſpitality which thou haſt thus gratefully re-

warded! The whole matter too, may poſſibly, be a weak ſurmiſe. How then have I had the aſſurance to make the ſtory out my own way?

Mrs. Darlington now returned, obſerving that her niece had deſired to be left alone a little, and politely made her apologies for leaving me ſo abruptly. All this was poiſon to my wound. I was fully conſcious of the little trick I had played. The pang of reproach ſtruck my heart, and the tear of contrition was ſwimming round my eye. I declined eating, on pretence of fatigue, and Mrs. Darlington ſwallow'd a ſpoonful of ſoup, and withdrew again to her Alicia. I ſpent the interval betwixt this meal and tea, in a ſenſe of real agony, ariſing from the conviction of real meanneſs and error. My feelings were, as yet, unblunted by habitual treſpaſſes; and, as my greateſt joy

aroſe

aroſe from the contemplation of having contributed ſomething to the *happineſs* of others; ſo my greateſt anxiety aroſe from an idea of having promoted their *miſery*. Yet, in the preſent caſe, no way was left open for me to rectify my miſtake, or to ſoften the uneaſineſs which my blunder had brought about; for all explanations would have betrayed that I gueſſed at Alicia's diſorder; and I could not ſo much as hope admittance to her apartment, had explanation been adviſeable. At tea, however, the young lady made her appearance, led tenderly into the room by her aunt, and I was glad to ſee her attempting to reſume her former ſpirits; of which, in the general, ſhe had, as the reader may poſſibly recollect, an abundant ſhare. But, right-well ſung the Bard, who firſt obſerved, that misfortunes "love to cluſter," and ſeldom

or never come ſingly. Indeed, *one* is commonly the ill-favour'd meſſenger of *another*, and that of a *third*, and *ſo on* to the end of the laſt dreadful chapter of human accidents. This was a day of diſaſters to poor Alicia. Mrs. Darlington had juſt pour'd out the firſt cup of tea, and was affectionately preſſing her niece to drink it, when a violent noiſe was heard in the hall, and a confus'd cry of ſeveral voices, as if deploring a misfortune. Preſently afterwards a ſervant came into the parlour, and with him Mr. Abrahams, acquainting the ladies, that Benjamin, who had been miſſing at dinner, was now come in all over blood and bruiſes, and that the ſervants were carrying him up to bed ſpeechleſs.

Blood was no ſooner pronounced than the tea-cup fell from the hand of Alicia to the ground; on which, in the ſame moment,

moment, ſhe ſunk down herſelf. This Mrs. Darlington imputed to the effects of a ſudden ſurprize ſeizing her ſo ſoon after her late agitation; while I was, perhaps, the only one preſent who attributed it to the true cauſe: every method was uſed to recover her, but the violence of the fits into which ſhe now fell, reſiſted our utmoſt endeavours, and ſhe was a ſecond time conveyed to her chamber, in a much more alarming condition than before. Mr. Abrahams and I now went up to Benjamin, to ſee if he was yet able to unfold the occaſion of this myſtery; when Abrahams, ere he had well opened the door, and conſequently before he knew whether his nephew was dead or alive, began to harangue as follows.

What is bred in the bone, will never come out of the fleſh! You cannot make a ſilk purſe of a ſow's ear! Pray, ſir,

what a devil have you been about? Where, caitiff, is the money I ſent you for? What made you ſtay ſo long? What right had you to ſtay at all? How came all that blood upon your cloaths? How came you to dizen yourſelf out in your green, to-day? What's the reaſon, you raſcal, I am to be thus plagued upon your account? you villain! And why don't you get you home to your father and mother, you ſcoundrel, who are ſtarving, you know, upon five and ſix pence a week?

Theſe queſtions were all thundered upon the poor lad at once, and, in the uttering them, ſuch was the rage of the ſteward, that he not only committed the *extravagance* of ſtriking a pen, which he had then in his hand, againſt the table, but ſmote that table likewiſe, with ſo furious a fiſt (in contradiction of his uſual prudence), that the lid ſplit in twain,

twain, and a ſmall ſplinter, from the ruins of the mahogany, lodged itſelf deep within the palm of his hand, till he roared again with miſery. This ſo increaſed his reſentment, both againſt the table and Benjamin, that the former he belaboured ſtoutly with his legs; and, though he could not make it *feel*, he at leaſt made it ſorely complain, which was no doubt a ſatisfaction; and the latter, he violently threatened to horſewhip, if ever he ſhould have the *misfortune* to riſe again from his bed: ſo ſaying, he ran out, proteſting all the way down ſtairs, that he would not leave him a groat, die when he would.

CHAP. LVII.

All this time lay the agonized Benjamin, reſigned as a lamb, under the knife of the butcher; and when the ſervants had waſhed him, and, at my deſire departed, I ſat by his bed-ſide, and gently ſollicited to learn the cauſe of this ſtrange diſaſter.

Sir, ſaid the poor lad—almoſt breaking his heart as he ſpoke—my friend has been inſulted, and ſo I have been fighting, that's all. I begged him to take time, and tell me the whole; promiſing to be his friend with his uncle and miſtreſs, when I knew how to make his apology. His tears thanked me, and he proceeded thus.

You remember, ſir, how I bid you take notice of a young girl, ſitting alone on one of the Park benches (ſhe is not a bad

bad girl, I can aſſure you, though ſhe was ſitting by herſelf). As ſoon as my uncle ſent me to Charing-Croſs to receive fifteen ſhillings, I went and received it as faſt as I could, and ran away to the Park, where I left Nancy. I found her with a handkerchief up to her eyes—(the ſweeteſt eyes in the world, ſir,—) ſo I pulled away the handkerchief gently, and taking her under my arm, walked away with her into the Bird-cage Walk; that I might talk to her without being diſturbed. Nancy, ſaid I, I charge you ſpeak your mind to me: what brought you into the Park alone? Nothing, ſaid ſhe, Mr. Benjamin, pray leave me. Where is your father, Nancy, ſaid I, and why don't you go home?—*Home!* replied Nancy, (ſobbing as if her dear heart was beating itſelf through her ſtays)—*Home*, Benjamin, I have *no* home, nor

no father—nor any thing elſe! I thought, ſir, I ſhould have dropped down dead on the ſpot, but I fell on poor Nancy's neck, and there I lay, ſhe almoſt ready to kiſs me (without *knowing* it though, I'm ſure)! As ſoon as I got a little better, ſir, I——

Here Mrs. Darlington herſelf came to the door, requeſting to know whether Benjamin was better; ſaid that his *young* miſtreſs alſo wiſhed to hear a favourable account, and deſired him not to fret ſo as to increaſe his diſorder, but, as he was a very quiet, peaceable lad in general, to expect no reproaches from her—(Mrs. Darlington)—but total forgiveneſs. Mrs. Darlington underſtood from me that he was better, and withdrew. The poor fellow's heart was ſo ſoftened by this indulgence, and ſo affected by the other circumſtances which were lying heavily upon it, that he could not

not return his acknowledgments. Soon after Mrs. Darlington was gone, however, he thus reſumed the ſtory of his adventure with Nancy, whoſe misfortunes ſeemed to engroſs infinitely more of his attention than even the threats of his uncle, the kindneſs of his miſtreſſes, or, indeed, any thing elſe.

In truth, this Benjamin was a moſt excellent diſpoſed young man, his *underſtanding* was not much above his rank, but his *heart* would have been diſtinguiſhed, had Providence thought proper to have placed it in the breaſt of a prince; for it led him to do a thouſand noble actions, with ſmall opportunities; and, with an income of about a ſhilling per week, to render more *real* ſervice to ſociety, than Mr. Abrahams, his uncle, with an income of about eight hundred a year; for ſuch was the annual fortune attributed to the ſteward, who had

amaſſed together all that poſſeſſion, merely by a ſtrict adherence to one ſingle maxim, which, I have been told, he never once violated, or infringed, in the courſe of forty years, namely, to conſider a *farthing*, as ſome part of a *guinea*, and a *guinea*, as the nine hundred and ninety-ninth diviſion of a *thouſand*, and ſo on, *ad infinitum*. Benjamin, on the contrary, vers'd only in the arithmetic of the heart, thought a farthing too trifling to ſave, and too inſignificant to beſtow; but, if, by adding thereto the odd eleven pence three farthings, he could, in diveſting himſelf of his ſeven days allowance, dry up *one tear*, or remove *one ſigh*, procure one cordial to the *ſick*, or one meal to the *hungry*, away it went, as faſt as he could get it from his pocket, without even turning it over a ſecond time; without conſidering, indeed, that it would produce *twenty-four*

pieces of copper, and, that twenty-four pieces of copper would gratify ſeveral ſelfiſh paſſions. But it ſeems, the boy had a *pleaſure* in this ſort of diſtribution, and, perhaps, had, in this reſpect, the *advantage of his uncle*.

CHAP. LVIII.

As ſoon as I got a little better, I ſay, ſir,—reſumed Benjamin, I looked Nancy in the face, and intreated her to explain what ſhe meant by having neither houſe nor father; and then the poor thing ſpoke to me thus:

Oh, Benjamin, I am turned out of doors, and lay in the ſtreet all laſt night, and have not broke my faſt ſince yeſterday morning, and all for a misfortune, which, as I hope to be ſaved, I could not help—What, han't you eat,

Nancy? and did you want a bed? I charge you don't talk now, but come along with me, and lean all your weight upon my arm. So I led her, ſir, in this manner, to a public-houſe, and got her ſome refreſhment, and would not hear a word ſhe had to ſay, till ſhe had forced down a morſel of bread and a glaſs of wine—though I could not get her to take it, without water, for ſhe is no drinker, I'll aſſure you. This over, ſhe informed me that her diſtreſs was *as thus*.

She was ſent out yeſterday morning to the baker's, over the way, to get change for half a guinea, but not being able to get it there, ſeeing as how they had not ſo much ſilver in the houſe, ſhe went to ſeveral other neighbours ſhops, and at laſt to the chandler's; and there ſhe met with a man, who offered to go

to

to his brother's, as he called him, at the Black-Lion, and change it.

As ſhe ſuppoſed the man was as honeſt as herſelf, (and I'm ſure ſhe is as honeſt as Heaven—) ſhe gave him the half guinea, and ſat down in the ſhop to wait his return. After he was gone, the chandler ſaid, Nancy, do you know that man, child? No, replied the poor thing, trembling, but *you do* I hope? Not I, truly, ſaid the chandler, he only came into the ſhop for a farthing's worth of cotton, to put in an inkhorn, and I never ſaw him in my life before: here poor Nancy's mind miſgave her, and not without reaſon, for ſhe waited, and waited, for above two hours, and no man came: ſo that ſhe was afraid to go back to her father's, becauſe ſhe had ſtayed ſo long, and met ſuch a ſad misfortune; and accordingly ſhe continued in the chandler's ſhop, expecting, and

expect-

expecting, till quite dark night!—But why did not the *chandler* assist her in this emergence, said I,—he very well knew her honesty, and surely where the poor creature had so much at stake, and the sum so mere a trifle!—*He* lend her, *he* assist her, sir, replied Benjamin; not he, truly; though as to her honesty he had often seen instances of that, and moreover her father had been a customer, and bought all his chandlery there, for many, many years. No, sir, about eleven o'clock he said to Nancy, Well, child, there is no chance of the man's coming now. It's getting late, and I have a *dipping* in the morning, so I would advise you to go home to your father's. Nay, don't cry, mayhap things mayn't be so bad as you think for: Mr. Dennis is a good tempered man, and I dare say he won't hurt you: but let me as a friend advise you never to trust

people

people you don't know with money, for the future. To tell you the truth, I did not much like the look of that chap, when he came into the ſhop. Why did not you tell me ſo, ſaid Nancy, Mr. Suet? Why, its hard judging, you know, ſaid the chandler, but I thought I ſaw Tyburn in his face, and now I am convinced, ere long, I ſhall ſee his *face* at Tyburn.

Here, Nancy ſays, Mr. Suet ſet up a laugh, which ſo provoked her, that ſhe left his ſhop without ſaying a word: but I ſhould tell you, before ſhe got far, Suet hallowed at the door after her, and ſaid that if her father ill treated her to-night, ſhe might depend on his coming to make her peace to-morrow; and that if the man brought the money, he would take care of it. Poor Nancy, now, ſir—but I am afraid I am tiring you—I beg pardon for troubling you with

with my concerns, and—I desire, answered I, I desire, Benjamin, you will not stop a moment, to make apologies; for I long to know the fate of Nancy Dennis. Well then, sir, rejoined the steward's nephew, wiping his eyes, which had been all the time streaming—since you are so good, I will go on: He proceeded, raising himself on his arm.

CHAP. LIX.

Poor Nanny, sir, now wandered weeping about the streets, till she came to her father's. But though she saw a light in the window, and yet (as you know it rain'd pretty smartly all night) she had not heart to go in. She put her hand on the knocker, and then took it away,—first walked forwards, then back-

backwards, till at laſt ſhe heard ſomebody behind her, and ſoon found it was Mr. Dennis himſelf, who had been it ſeems out to look for her, and having the key of the door in his hand, he ſtruck her in his paſſion, ſwore ſhe ſhould never come into the houſe again, and was going into it himſelf. Juſt as he had unlocked the ſtreet-door, he aſked her for the money, ſaying he ſuppoſed ſhe had ſpent it,—with a great oath; and when ſhe told him the truth, he damned her in a terrible manner, banged to the door, and left her to go where ſhe might. She ſat all night crying upon the threſhold, till at laſt a watchman, who knew her, took pity on her, put her to bed to *his* wife, and then went again to his buſineſs. In the morning ſhe went home a ſecond time; but when her father opened the ſhutters, and the poor thing aſked him, if ſhe

ſhould

ſhould have the pleaſure of making the fire, and getting his breakfaſt, as uſual, he ordered her to get away from the door, or elſe he would ſend a conſtable to her.

The next thing ſhe did, was to find me out, for you muſt know, ſir, we have—a—a—a *friendſhip* for one another:—but as ſhe knew what a jealous creature my uncle is, ſhe was too good to come near my miſtreſs's houſe; becauſe, I once invited her there, to drink tea with Mrs. Goodly the houſekeeper, and I thought I never ſhould hear the laſt of it. But lord, ſir, what a heap of contrivances diſtreſs puts into our heads! eſpecially when a young man and a young woman has a—a—a—*friendſhip* for one another, ſaid I, Mr. Benjamin, looking at him ſlyly? Very true, ſir, anſwered Ben, very true—— *friendſhip*, if it is of the right, honeſt

ſort

ſort—*friendſhip*—heigho! *Friendſhip*, I ſay, ſir, will do any thing!

Nancy now recollected that the likelieſt way to ſee me, would be to go to the Park, where ſhe knew I generally walked every morning, with one of my miſtreſſes—(I mean, *behind them*, ſir). Well, ſir, to the Park ſhe went, and there ſat herſelf down, (after having wearied herſelf with walking) upon the little white ſeat where we ſaw her. Perhaps you might think it odd ſhe did not ſpeak to me, as ſoon as I came near her: but ſeeing who was with me, ſhe would have died firſt, for ſhe's a prudent girl, and has had the beſt of educations. Beſides, ſhe knew I was flurried enough at meeting her there, and would contrive to ſee her as ſoon as poſſible. Indeed, nothing run in my head, after I had paſſed her, but how I ſhould get away from my uncle, who

is as cunning, as cunning; and though I had great pleaſure in attending you, ſir, yet as—as—my—friend looked to be in ſome diſtreſs—I thought it—my—my duty to ſee if any thing could be done for her. I almoſt made my head ach in hunting about for excuſes, for indeed ſo many came to mind at once, that they quite *flabergaſtined* me; but at length my uncle you know, ſir, ſent me away himſelf to receive ſome money, which was only a *month's* intereſt of a few pounds, and was fifteen ſhillings, as I told you. As ſoon as Nancy had finiſhed her ſtory, and I made her drink half a glaſs more of the wine and water, ſhe threw her hand upon my ſhoulder, and aſked me what ſhe was to do! And there was ſuch a—a ſomething, in her manner of look, and in her manner of ſpeaking, that I was all over in a tremble, from head to foot.

foot. Ay—ay, ſaid I, Benjamin—friendſhip—friendſhip——She ſaid, that ſhe never dare to go home again without the money, and ſhe had only two new ſix pences, and a ſilver penny, and a little copper keep-ſake, in the world, and even *they* were locked up in her trunk, at the bottom of all her things: with this, ſir, I put my hand in my pocket, and took out the fifteen ſhillings, and told out ten and ſix pence on the table, and was juſt going to put it into Nancy's hand, when ſomething ſtruck me to the heart, as much as to tell me I was going to do a bad thing: upon which I drew away my hand, and took up the ſilver again: then feeling, ſir, in my other pocket, I took out a ſpank ſpan new half-crown piece, which young miſtreſs gave me, and was only ſorry that I had no more: at laſt I took out my uncle's money, and told it over again,

again, that is, eight and ſix pence: but ſure ſomething bewitched me, for I quite trembled as I laid it down, and ſo at laſt told Nancy the whole affair.

You muſt know, ſir, ſhe did not much like the money *at all*,—tho', between friends, what is it?—But when ſhe underſtood it belonged to my uncle Abrahams, ſhe turned as pale as her apron, and cried out, Lord of Heaven, Mr. Benjamin, what are you about! I would not touch it for all the world! Put it up—put it up, if you han't a mind to frighten me out of my wits, and make me hate you for ever! I was glad, ſir, in the main, to find my dear *love*—I mean, ſir—a—a—my—my—to find,—my dear *friend* ſo honourable and juſt; and, as if Providence deſigned ſhe ſhould be rewarded for it, a thought came into my head, which was a thouſand times better, becauſe it was not to

make

make us aſhamed of ourſelves; and it's a ſhocking thing, you know, ſir, to be aſhamed of oneſelf. Well, ſir—I bethought me of raiſing the money, by going to the pawn-broker man, where Slaſh, our coachman, who is a terrible ſot, many a time uſed to go, with firſt one thing, and then another: ſo I ſaid nothing to Nancy, but deſired her to ſit ſtill, till I came back, which ſhould be in a few minutes. She ſeemed uneaſy to let me go, but at laſt conſented; and as I was going into a little bye alley, to take off my waiſtcoat, and ſomething elſe, who ſhould come that way, but Mr. Mendman, my uncle's taylor, who always loved me, from a boy, and always ſaid, I one day ſhould be rich.—As ſure as you live, this generous ſoul lent me a whole guinea, without my telling him a word about Nancy; and away I ran, ſcarce touching

ing the ground, and not giving myſelf time to put on the things I had taken off, and hardly buttoning my coat. At firſt, Nancy was quite frighted—then bluſhed—for to tell you the truth, (here he whiſpered), my ſhirt was one of the things—as I dare not pledge any thing in *ſight*, for fear my uncle ſhould ſee me before I could get up ſtairs into my room.—But I went out again, and put my things on, and ſoon cleared up the whole matter.

We then went home together, and there I found old Mr. Dennis crying, and taking on, like a child: as ſoon as he ſaw us, inſtead of riſing to ſcold Nancy, he ran to her, faſtened on her neck, kiſſed her, and ſhed tears: for his paſſion was now all over, and his love for his poor dear Nancy returned at once.

But

But not to trouble you with any more of this part of the ſtory, I ſhall only ſay, that I left the old man hugging his daughter, and, I don't know why, but methought *I* could have hugged them *both!* However, Nancy ſighing—becauſe ſhe was quite weary, and her ſpirits gone, thanked me, with a tear in her eye, and I went out of the houſe, hardly knowing what I had done, or where I was going.

CHAP. LX.

I had got almoſt home, ſometimes whiſtling, ſometimes ſinging, and ſometimes jumping for joy, before I recollected that I had ſtill the money in my pocket; and that perhaps old Dennis (though he might paſs over the loſs while he was warm, might talk about it when he was cool) would be cruel

again, as he loved money. So, I e'en ran back to the houſe, and found the old man quite buſied in laying the cloth, warming a little can of beer, and preſſing Nancy to eat, with a great deal of kindneſs. I ſoon found he had never once mentioned the half guinea, and ſo laid down the ten ſhillings and ſix pence, telling Nancy that it was a great chance we *met the fellow*, and that it was well ſhe knew him again. God forgive me, ſir, for I made a fine ſtory of it!

Mr. Dennis's heart, however, was open, and he inſiſted on my ſitting down, and drink a draught of his own brewing; for, indeed, he *belonged* to a brew-houſe. So, as I was to drink my Nancy's health, I ſat down; and, ſome how or other, got into ſinging ſongs, till at laſt Mr. Dennis's ale got into my head, and made me forget—(as you know

know one's time ſlips away in agreeable company—(that I had ſtayed already ſo long from my uncle. I therefore caught up my hat and ſtick, when I heard the clock ſtrike ſix; and, in a great hurry, ſet forward for Mrs. Darlington's.

Unluckily, however, ſir, I happened to paſs by the door of Mr. Suet, the chandler, and as I was angry with him for his ſlight to Nancy, I called upon him, to tell him a little piece of my mind. Mr. Suet, ſaid I, you are a good-natured man, and I come to thank you for your kindneſs to poor Nancy Dennis laſt night. Nancy Dennis be d——d, ſaid Suet, who was a paſſionate fellow, and one of your great fighters into the bargain—What's Nancy Dennis to me?—She kept me and my family up all night; but you are her *favourite*, I forgot that—It's a pity you did not ſee her, when ſhe was turned out by

her father, who has been making a fine piece of work here, truly, becauſe, forſooth, I let her give the fellow that came into the ſhop a half guinea to change. What had I to do with her half guinea? A little ſilly puſs, I wiſh I had never ſeen her face; for I ſhall loſe a good cuſtomer by her—a fooliſh minx; I can't think how Dennis could truſt her with any money. My blood boil'd at him, ſir, all the time he ſpoke, and when he called the poor girl thoſe names, I loſt all patience, and ſo, without more ado, I laid my ſwitch over his ſhoulders; upon which we both of us went to it, and fought, till ſome neighbours took Suet away, and locked him up, and ſo parted us: but I would fight for a friend, to the laſt drop of my blood, ſir,—nay, for that matter, I have loſt a good deal of that already; but I have had my revenge on that hard-hearted raſcal,

Suet,

Suet, and ſo I don't mind my black eyes, or bloody cloaths, of a farthing. And now, ſir, you know the whole ſtory, and I hope you can't blame me, ſeeing as how I did it to ſerve a woman.

Blame you, ſaid I, Benjamin—no, my good lad, I admire thy ſpirit, and honour thee for thy ſentiments; and, indeed, I approve your conduct ſo much, through every part of your adventure, that I will go this inſtant and make peace betwixt you and Mr. Abrahams. You are very kind, ſir, ſays Benjamin, but if you pleaſe, you may as well not ſay any thing about Nancy, for you know old people think ſuch ſtrange things, and have ſuch odd notions about friendſhip, that perhaps he might take it into his head to—I underſtand you, Ben, ſaid I, I will bring you off without once mentioning your friend, Nancy, depend on it.—I now went

down ſtairs to ſee after my ſick couſin, whom, indeed, I had too long left, without making a ſmall breach in good manners. But as it happened, ſhe continued in her room, and her aunt with her, till ſupper was almoſt ready, and the ladies were but juſt got into the parlour before me.

I had ſcarce opened the door, when both ladies began their inquiries after Benjamin, and I believe miſs Alicia obliged me with ten queſtions—ſo little art, and ſo much nature had ſhe—before it was poſſible I ſhould return her one anſwer. Reſolved, however, to make no more diſturbances, I now took a contrary method, and ſaid every thing that I thought might pleaſe the young one, without betraying what I thought was apparent enough to the old one; and if I miſtake not, this was the firſt time I convinced myſelf how neceſſary

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it is for a perſon, who would live upon any peaceable terms with ſociety, to give into many petty deceptions, where the plain truth would infallibly create confuſion and diſquietude: and this ſort of duplicity is, I preſume, what the Latins call, a pious fraud. Yet ſomething there was in my nature utterly repugnant to this, nor could the beſt of motives ever reconcile it to my heart.

Nevertheleſs, this *embelliſhment* of the truth had a great effect in ſoothing the ſomething that ſat heavy on the boſom of Alicia; for, after I had told her that Mr. Benjamin had accidentally met an old friend, with whom he was tempted to drink a little freely, and afterwards got into a boyiſh diſpute, of which the worſt conſequence was likely to be only a bloody ſuit of cloaths, ſhe gave his misfortunes a mixture of ſmiles and

tears, the latter of which, however, ſhe kept from falling, and at laſt ſhe grew ſo pleaſant, without ſeeming to lodge too much on the ſubject, that ſhe actually told Mrs. Darlington ſhe found herſelf ſo much recovered, that ſhe ſhould be able to eat a whole wing of a chicken. This declaration, on the other hand, ſet *Mrs. Darlington*'s heart at reſt, who moſt affectionately loved her niece, and upper was now ordered without delay. Willing to do, notwithſtanding, as much as I could in this affair, I ſlipt out of the parlour to ſeek Mr. Abrahams, whom I found in the ſteward's office, with his ſpectacles on his noſe, very induſtriouſly employed in examining a large book, like a tradeſman's ledger, in which he was perhaps—(this being Saturday)—caſting up and adjuſting the accounts of the week. Something—probably a reflection upon

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the buckles—had put him in high good humour, and he conſidered the intereſt I took in his nephew's conciliation in ſuch good part, that he left his buſineſs on purpoſe to mount the ſtairs, and aſſure me that he forgave Ben, and then ſhook him heartily by the hand in my preſence. I ſhould not, however, forget that Mr. Abrahams juſt hinted at the proſpect of ſending the bloody cloaths with ſucceſs to the ſcowrers. Thus happineſs being reſtored to the whole family, the reſt of the evening was paſſed in general ſatisfaction, and I withdrew to my chamber, not a little inſtructed, nor a little pleaſed, at having been, in ſome degree an inſtrument in bringing about the agreeable cataſtrophe of the evening.

CHAP. XLI.

The next morning dawned upon the unanimity of Mrs. Darlington's family. Alicia retained her uſual flow of ſpirits, Benjamin was getting the better of his bruiſes: the old lady rejoiced in the recovery of her niece, and the ſteward chuckled over the gift of the ſilver buckles, and the ſucceſs he expected from ſending the coat and waiſtcoat to the ſcowerers.

A whole week paſſed, in which this general felicity rather improved than diminiſhed: but Felicity is at beſt but a coy viſitant, fickle in her friendſhip, and unſteady in her attachments: and, perhaps, if ſhe condeſcends to ſtay ſeven days in a family, it is as much as can well be expected. Change of air, immoderate walking (for my curioſity laid

a heavy

a heavy tax upon my legs) or ſome other cauſe, brought on a cold, ſo that on the Sunday evening ſucceeding theſe matters, I was quite hoarſe, and did little more than cough, and ſuck ſugar-candy; a ſpecific for this diſorder, which I adopted in the nurſery, and which, if not infallible, is at leaſt as efficacious, as many a noſtrum of prouder name, and dearer purchaſe. There was always, however, a ſort of *ſtimulus* in my temper, which would never ſuffer me to be ſupine, whether I was in ſickneſs or in health, in ſolitude or in ſociety. To this natural activity, perchance, I owe many ſtrokes of fortune, which men of dormant and indolent propenſities never experience: but I was inclined to briſk volition from my cradle, and as we all naturally *diſlike* whatever is naturally *unlike* ourſelves,—I mean in points of ſentiment—I will

now give the reader an early inſtance of my antipathy to every thing that wanted vivacity.

In my childhood, I was one day walking in a meadow, when I happened to ſtrike my foot againſt a ſtone—Wretch, ſaid I—a little vexed by the pain—Wretch, how I pity thee? Fixed down by fate to one circumſcribed ſpot—even to the narrow cavity of an inch diameter: there inglorioufly repoſing,—inſenſible to the joys of motion, an increaſing incumbrance to the earth you cover, and ſupinely ſlumbering, even as you grow.—When I had thus triumphed over the innocent ſtone, which bore all upbraidings peaceably, I indulged the pride of ſuperiority, by running haſtily away; when my *precipitance* occaſioned my foot to ſlip, and threw me (to uſe an old, but emphatic phraſe) head over heels. The proverb was

verified; pride had *a fall:* I felt it; and as I roſe from the ground, ſaid thus to myſelf: How unworthy is arrogance—What right had I to taunt and break my pitiful jeſts upon an innocent pebble, ſleeping quietly in it's bed, performing it's allotted taſk in dutiful ſilence, and gradually ſpreading into bulk, peradventure, to mend the very cart-rut, over which the foot of my horſe, or the wheel of my carriage is to paſs more ſafely: if I were not afraid of being called ſuperſtitious, I ſhould think this ſprain of my ancle a judgment. Be it what it will; if it teaches me humility, I ſhall conſider it as a very ſeaſonable tumble, and ſo (here I was obliged to bind a handkerchief hard round the part affected) as for the matter of a little ſmart, I believe it may be wholeſome enough. — Saying this, I found the tears in my eyes, (for my

ancle

ancle was ſwelling a-pace) and went limping away.

I mention this as a trait of my character, and a judicious reader will indeed find ſomething more *truly* and *eſſentially* characteriſtic in theſe minute developements, than in the moſt elaborate detail of what hiſtorians very falſely call, *marking* circumſtances. I have often wiſhed, ſince this trifling accident, that I could have changed ſituations with the poor ſtone: if motion cannot produce reſt, methinks there was nothing ſo extravagant in the idea: yet was there much ill-nature in it; for I have ſeen and felt enough to deſtroy the conſtitution, even of the ſtone itſelf, and by a change of conditions, it would, I am pretty certain, have had the worſt of the bargain. But I ſhall digreſs into *gloomineſs*, which, even for the *chance* of being read (ſhould my adventures

ever

ever be printed) I am reſolved not to do; ſince I am confident, no man either looks into a book, or hears a ſtory, without ſome notion of being entertained; and thoſe people who think to raiſe pity, or attention, by expatiating on the ſubject of ſorrow, and formally entering into prolix accounts of calamity, will certainly miſs their aim. The whining beggar, who runs after us with a diſmal ditty, we avoid and deſpiſe; the writer who dreſſes up the tale of woe, in all the ſable pomps of deſcription, and ceremonies of ſepulchral ſentiment, is no leſs troubleſome and vapouriſh. And perhaps this is the reaſon who ſo many ſizeable volumes, nay I might add, ſo many books of ſacred inſtruction, are neglected: the *utile dulce*, being conſtantly eſſential in every compoſition; not excepting thoſe which are deſigned to perſuade us to

virtue,

virtue, exhort us to repentance, and prepare us for immortality. And for the truth of this, I appeal to all the libraries in the kingdom: nay, I appeal to every man who may hereafter take up these memoirs. A few queſtions, fairly anſwered, decides the point.

Notwithſtanding the real unhappy circumſtances under which this Hiſtory is written—notwithſtanding the ſad, ſolitary, *deſerted*, and even *dying* ſtate of the author, would any of theſe matters be attended to,—would not the moſt patient turn from his book, diſguſted with the calamitous narrative, were it only to conſiſt of melancholy ſcenes, ruefully related, and morals deduced from thence, in the ſoporific ſolemnity of lethargic language? I declare to you, my worthy friend, the very recital of the queſtions already operate on my nerves, and the anſwer is diſplayed in painting my

my retreat in more dreadful colours. "A browner horror breathes along the wood." For my ſake, therefore, and for thine, O reader, I will lull thee to ſleep as ſeldom as poſſible; and yet take eſpecial care, that I may neither hurt thy principles, or fatigue thy ſpirits, by keeping thee awake to the end of—at leaſt of—a chapter—where, as at an inn,—if thou art diſpoſed to take a little refreſhing nap, fold down the page good temperedly; and, (in the hope that thou wilt wake in the ſame humour, ſo that we may meet, after the enjoyment of thy panacea, upon terms of mutual obligation) much good may it do thee!——

CHAP.

CHAP. LXII.

Though my cold confined me to the houſe, it did not confine me to the chamber: I had therefore ſufficient ſcope for obſervation; and that too, on a part of life with which I was hitherto unacquainted. The incidents which are conſtantly happening in every family, are ample enough to excite infinite reflection in the minds of the ſpeculative; no wonder, therefore, that I found ample ſubjects for two or three days. Perhaps I was rather fortunate in this reſpect, or the ſaid two or three days might teem with domeſtic adventures: for two very great events happened at Mrs. Darlington's while I continued an invalid, and I ſhall relate them, as I am reſolved to do every thing elſe, exactly as they fell out at the time.

Mr.

Mr. Jonathan Abrahams began to take a great fancy to me, which the ladies told me I might conſider as no trifling favour; aſſuring me, that he was by no means apt to *take likings*, and particularly to *young people*, whom he in general treated as a pack of ſtriplings, who know nothing of buſineſs, and whom he always ſpoke of with the moſt ſupercilious contempt: but it ſeems, I was down on the credit ſide of his books, where, no doubt, the ſilver buckles *figured* reſpectably. Be that as it may, I was not diſpleaſed with his attention—for beſides that it gratified an higher paſſion, in giving me an opportunity now and then to throw in a word or two, by the bye, for my friend Benjamin.

It happened, that during my receſs at home, Mrs. Darlington and her niece were under an indiſpenſible neceſ-

ſity

ſity to pay a debt of viſitings.—This debt had been long due, and the diſcharging it poſtponed from day to day, in mere compliment to me, as I declined attending them through the ceremonies of introduction: but as the debt was due to perſons with whom the ladies ſtood on ſome little punctilio, the payment could now no longer be evaded, without a ſlur on that politeneſs of principle, which genteel people conſider as a ſanctimonious appendage of public character.

Mrs. Darlington, indeed, was naturally a little punctilious, and miſs had no objection to keep upon the ſquare with the acquaintances ſhe did not care a farthing for; ſo that to have delayed the thing any longer would have been downright ill-breeding: a reproach no woman of faſhion can poſſibly put up with, as it implies ſomething vaſtly more

more ſhocking than the imputation of intrigue, or even of the miſtake itſelf. To prevent, therefore, ſo iniquitous a violation of the laws of high life, I exerted my utmoſt rhetoric to requeſt they would take the opportunity of my wiſhing to write letters, and tumble over books, and rub off the long ſcore which their acquaintances had marked againſt them, as could be teſtified by a variety of bills drawn upon the cards, which were laid in the windows, tucked in the carvings of the glaſſes, and diſplayed round every mantle-piece. My argument at length prevailed, and pretending on my part a wonderful deal of private buſineſs, that muſt at all events be done, the ladies paid a viſit, firſt to themſelves in their looking-glaſſes, in their dreſſing-rooms—then to the reflection of the ſame perſons, when they got down ſtairs into the parlour—be-

cauſe

cauſe it may poſſibly happen that glaſſes differ as well as watches; and laſtly to the ladies, the *living* ladies, who, retired within their drawing-rooms, were actually waiting for them.

And here I cannot omit a word or two on the curious commerce betwixt thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed under the general title of the *polite*: at leaſt ſuch among them as are reſident in and about the courtly circle of the capital. The point of ceremony is critically adjuſted, and the gradations, from the cold ſalute of the perfect well-bred ſtranger, to the moſt familiar ardours of the animated friend, are diſcriminated with a *minuteneſs*, which, employed on ſubjects of equal, or even *more* importance might produce to ſociety ſomething highly edifying. Poſſibly it may not be unamuſing to throw together a few inſtances, from the multitude I collected,

in

in the courſe of my obſervations on the cuſtoms of *the polite*.

Mr. Jonathan Abrahams himſelf never ſtruck the ballance of debtor and creditor, or underſtood the ſecrets of the *per contra*, more preciſely than many well-bred people, who nevertheleſs hate mathematics, and could as eaſily ſolve the knottieſt problem in Euclid, as repeat their table of multiplication. The truth is, Mr. Abrahams' book of accounts reſembles the account-books of the modiſh, only in two great particulars, viz. in *paying* and *receiving*; and in theſe reſpects, many of them are as exact as the good ſteward, though he ſhould bring down the fraction to the twenty-nine-thouſandth part of a farthing. Theſe are what may properly be called, your annual viſitors, or people who ſettle accounts once in the year; and therein the buſineſs differs widely

widely from the buſineſs of Mr. Abrahams: for, ſhould that faithful gentleman happen to call on any tenant at quarter-day, and inſtead of receiving his money, receive an apology or a denial, the matter would moſt likely have a ſerious face, and produce ſerious conſequences: but in the adjuſtment of theſe politer tranſactions, where the parties know what they are about, the point is ſoon reconciled: the coachman drives lady A to lady B's houſe; the footman thunders out a polite alarm at the door. Lady B happens unfortunately to be from home; lady A putting her head out of the ſaſh of the carriage to receive the meſſages, ſees, perhaps, the identical lady B at one of the windows; but as ſhe is *not at home*, there is no ſuch thing as nods or curteſies, but the viſit is *paid*, and lady A orders the ſervant to go as faſt as the horſes can gallop

lop to Mrs. C's, while lady B is either ſitting cool in her own parlour, or elſe preparing to pay her compliments to ſome other ladies of the alphabet, in the ſame manner: or, as we are told in the play, if ſhe chooſes to be politer ſtill, ſhe will entertain her acquaintances at home, and ſend round her *empty* chair, to entertain her acquaintances abroad.

Upon viſitings of a nature ſomewhat leſs ceremonious, were Mrs. Darlington and her niece now gone. They ſet out at half an hour paſt ſeven, and as Alicia was ſtepping into the carriage (while her eyes were immediately after directed to the window of a certain chamber, which contained, at that time, a certain perſon) ſhe gave this account of her intended excurſions: We ſhall pay half a dozen *how do you's* in Pall-Mall; half a ſcore *is your lady's at home*, in Cavendiſh-Square; two or three five

minute ſtops, at James, paſs half an hour with lady Buſtle, half an hour with Mrs. Slimliſp, drink a friendly cup of tea and coffee with my dear Maria, and ſo be home again by *ſupper*. I thought at leaſt ſhe would have had the conſcience to ſay, *dinner to-morrow*; however, away they went; and Mrs. Darlington herſelf—good woman as ſhe was,—ſeemed to be no way diſpleaſed at the rattle and rotation of abſurdity ſhe was, at ſixty years of age, about to perform: while Alicia, either out of complaiſance to me, or for ſome other reaſon, kept ſtill leaning out of the window, and kiſſing her hand, (a ceremony which I, aukwardly enough returned) till ſhe was fairly out of ſight.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIII.

It was a pre-concerted thing betwixt Abrahams and me, to enjoy a ſocial hour, the very firſt time I could ſteal, as he expreſſed it, from the gaiety of magnificent madneſs, to plain ſober common-ſenſe; by which was literally meant no more than preferring his company to that of his miſtreſs.

Soon after the ladies were gone then, Jonathan conducted me into a commodious little apartment, which led into his office, where, placing me in his own arm-chair, he ſhook me reſpectfully by the hand, and welcomed me to his hut; and preſently, ſir, cries Jonathan, we'll crack an innocent bottle. On this he rang the bell, and two or three ſervants immediately obeyed the ſummons. Tell Mrs. Goodby, ſaid the ſteward, to ſend

me the ſugar baſon, and lemon ſqueezers; perhaps, ſir, you may prefer a tiff of punch; ſome love one thing, ſome another. Every man in his humour. If we were all to like the ſame thing, what would become of us; what's one man's meat is another man's poiſon. In ſhort, Mr. Abrahams exemplified and corroborated almoſt every ſentiment, by proverbial evidence; and went on to prove, how natural it was for ſome men to love punch, and ſome wine, till a bottle of the one, and a bowl of the other, might very fairly have been conſumed.

Whether Abrahams had really any ſaving policy in this method of interſperſing his converſation with old ſaws, I cannot tell. The ſugar-baſon at laſt became uſeful; and unlocking a cloſet that ſtood in the corner of the room, and a bin that was made in the window ſeat, he produced

produced from the one a caſe of bottles, ſuch as are frequent amongſt mariners, and from the other *another* bottle, which he ſaid was almoſt as old as himſelf. He now begged permiſſion to fill his pipe, which being readily granted, a candle, which he took from his beaufet, being lighted, (and afterwards extinguiſhed) and every other ſaving act of deliberation over, he ſhook me once more by the hand, as he was ſeating himſelf, and repeated his gladneſs to ſee me.

You would hardly think it, ſir, cries Jonathan, (fixing the pipe in his mouth)—you would hardly ſuppoſe that I prefer this piece of a *mouſe-hole*, as I may call it, to any room in Mrs. Darlington's houſe! 'Tan't the bigneſs of a thing conſtitutes the goodneſs. You, perhaps, call it a *nut-ſhell*. It may be ſo, yet what is ſweeter than the kernel?

Very true, Mr. Abrahams, anſwered I—Pardon me, ſir, quoth the ſteward, there is ſomething about you that I like; you may ſee my reſpect, indeed, by wearing your favour—here he pointed to his ſhoes, on which were the ſilver buckles.—A keep-ſake, Mr. Benignus, is a keep-ſake, and ſhould be held ſacred. *Memoria amicitiæ.* If a man was to part from any thing I gave him for this purpoſe, though it was but a cheeſe-paring—though it were but the bowl of this tobacco-pipe,—I ſhould never have any opinion of him again. Sir, I will wear theſe buckles till they are ten times thinner than a ſix pence; and ſo, ſir, here's my hearty ſervice to you. I was ſo charmed with Jonathan's gratitude, and expreſſions o kindneſs, that my heart opened, and I was ſorry that I had ſo ſhabbily purchaſed his eſteem. A pair of ſilver buckles,

buckles, ſaid I to myſelf, as he was taking off the punch, pitiful!

I have often thought, reſumed he, (ſetting his glaſs down), of buying me a couple of labels to hang round the necks of my bottles, but I don't know how it is, one thing or another takes away one's money, and leaves nothing for trifles: yet ſome day I will certainly do it, for you muſt know I am a ſtrange fellow, every thing in this room, and in that office, is *my own*, and I am ſuch a ſort of a chap, that I can't even ſit down on another perſon's property, unleſs I pay for it. That's being very conſcientious, indeed, ſaid I. It is ſo, anſwered Abrahams; but you ſhall hear. I have been an old ſtandard in this family, and am beſides a piece of a relation to Mrs. Darlington; but I made a rule many years ago, upon having a legacy of fifty pounds left me per annum, that

however poor my apparel, food, or furniture, it ſhould be my own property. Having a method of making fifty pounds go a good way, I came to a reſolution, and put it into practice. Madam, ſays I, to Mrs. Darlington, I am an odd fellow, a very odd fellow, and having now a little windfall come to me, I am reſolved to employ it in providing myſelf with all neceſſaries. Content is as good as a feaſt. What do you mean Mr. Abrahams, ſays ſhe, why ſure you won't leave me in this manner: you know every thing is under your eye, and I ſhall be ruined without you. Madam, ſays I, you miſunderſtand me. I do not intend to kick the ſtool from under me. Some honeſt gleanings of my induſtry, I have certainly picked up under Sir Robert Darlington, and fifty pounds a year more comes to me by gift. Put that and

that

that together, and I have a morſel of bread and a morſel of butter, of my own, the year round. I have nevertheleſs a kind love for the Darlington's—uſe is ſecond nature. What is your drift, Jonathan, ſaid ſhe? Why, madam, anſwered I, to tell you *in few*, the *needful* at once, I will continue your ſteward as uſual, but I muſt purchaſe the furniture of my office and my parlour, and pay you ſo much per annum for the houſe-rent, and after that you ſhall give me ſuch a yearly ſalary, as in your own judgment appears ſufficient, and I muſt alſo allow ſo much for my board, otherwiſe be permitted to find my own diet. Only conſent to ſtay, Abrahams, cries Mrs. Darlington, and you ſhall do as you pleaſe. Well, ſir, the point was at laſt ſettled in this manner. I bought the things you ſee at ſecond hand. Mrs. Darlington would

take no refuſal as to the *compliment* of my board, and ſhe was pleaſed to increaſe my ſtipend, ſo as to make my income comfortable. One good turn deſerves another: I have now made myſelf as neceſſary to her, as her eſtate; indeed, I have raiſed the *value* of her eſtate ſome hundreds a year ſince Sir Robert Darlington's death; Sir Robert, you muſt know, was an eaſy man, and let his lands always at the ſame rent, ſo that his tenants got a great deal too fat: nay, one of them had the impudence to keep a couple of better hunters than any in his landlord's ſtable, and the daughters toſſed up their noſes in ſuch a ſaucy manner, that they fainted at the ſight of a dairy, and ſet their caps, forſooth, at a fortune. But I ſoon brought their fine hunters to a plain honeſt cart-horſe, made them earn their bread like father Adam, and

turned

turned the furbelows and flounces of the forward young miſſes, into their decent houſewifely apparel — ay, and put a round ſum into Mrs. Darlington's pocket into the bargain.

This was acting the man of ſpirit, ſaid I, Mr. Abrahams. It was, anſwered Abrahams, I believe, acting, at one and the ſame time the politician, the landlord, and the ſteward; and, between you and I, if Sir Robert had held it out much longer, there's ne'er a mother's ſon, nor daughter, upon the grounds belonging to Darlington Lodge, would have been worth *this* — (meaning the aſhes of his pipe, which he was then gently knocking againſt the bars of the grate). But pray, ſir, drink, I believe you will find that, (pointing to the bowl), pretty tolerable ſtuff. I now drank, for the firſt time; for this worthy ſteward had ſo puzzled me by his

enigmatic converſation, and ſpoke in ſo extraordinary a manner, that he ſaved his liquor by his ſingularity. He had now talked almoſt half an hour (for he was very deliberate in his articulation) and I could not well make either one thing or another of him.

He was, *altogether*, the oddeſt character which had ever yet come within my knowledge. I was ſometimes apt to ſuppoſe, by his air of auſterity, that he was a much greater man in point of diſtinction, than he pretended to be: but there was ſomething of ſuperciliouſneſs in his manners, which was ſtrangely diſguſting. I put together ſuch parts of his conduct as amazed me. The confeſſion he made, of having lent a man money upon a diamond ring; his ſaluting a man with the greateſt cordiality, whom in the very next moment he called as arrant a raſcal as any in the

three

three kingdoms; his never having ſet his foot within a church—his fiddleſtick of faith; his anxioſneſs about the loſt buckle—his ſquabble with the ſilverſmith—his treatment of the poor female ſcavenger—his anger at the misfortune of his nephew—his meanneſs about the fare of the coachman; with ſeveral other circumſtances, caught up in the courſe of his laſt converſation, rendered his conduct ſo truly myſtical, that I could much ſooner have ſolved any mathematical difficulty, than have unfolded the riddle that diſguiſed the character of Mr. Jonathan Abrahams.

The conundrum was ſtill made more intricate, when, to the ſtrange matters above, were added his more favourable parts of behaviour: ſuch, for inſtance, as his gratitude for the trifling preſent of the buckles—his modeſt ſimile of the nut-ſhell, his love of inde-

pendence

pendence — his veneration for keep-ſakes—his integrity to the widow Darlington, whoſe eſtate he had improved; his changing running-horſes to cart-horſes; and his reducing the fly-away farmer's daughters to a proper ſenſe of their condition. The only probable way for a perſon who is in doubt whether to pronounce a thing good, or bad, an equal mixture of both, or neither abſolutely one or the other, is to follow the example of every honeſt trader, and, holding the ſcales with an even hand, fairly weigh one property againſt another. And this cuſtom, however ſimple, would, if practiſed in the world, ſave, I conceive, much ſcurrility and miſtake; for many characters, at firſt ſight, ſeeming to want weight, are, upon trial, found no way deficient; and it may poſſibly happen, that the ſcale of indiſcretions, heavy as they may look, will

kick

kick the beam, while the ſcale of virtues, ſuppoſed wanting, ſhall very honourably preponderate.

As Mr. Abrahams was ſummoned out upon ſome occaſion or another, juſt as he had brought his diſcourſe and pipe to a concluſion, I had leiſure to weigh him as I thought proper; and, therefore fairly placing what made for him on the one hand, with what made againſt him on the other, the equipoiſe was very decently maintained: the wrong ſcale trembled, indeed, ſomewhat at firſt towards the center, but, in the end, by making all poſſible *grains* of allowance, he appeared at leaſt to be a mighty good meaning ſort of a prudent, painstaking man: his errors, chiefly thoſe of affectation and habit, and his virtues highly ſuitable to the ſteward of a rich widow, who was too much a woman of faſhion to look into her own affairs.

As

As ſoon, therefore, as I took Mr. Jonathan out of the ſcales, I made a memorandum of the labels to hang round the necks of his bottles.

CHAP. LXIV.

Jonathan now returned in more buſtle than uſual, followed by a perſon, to whom he quickly turned about, and ſpoke as follows: Ay, ay, Nabal, too many eggs in one baſket; the more haſte, the worſe ſpeed—too much of one thing is good for nothing: *lente feſtina:* he ſtumbles that goes faſt; and ſo there's two hundred and fifty gone at a ſlap, again: Well, well, Nabal, never mind that, we can but be ruined, we can but be ruined. Here he ſhook his perriwig by the foretop, while the powder flew about the room, and beſpread the face of Nabal, who ſtill maintained

his

his ſtation behind, notwithſtanding Jonathan's attempt to face him. — A damned ſpraſh, indeed, cries Nabal, wiping his face, but the man is gone the world over. Run away too, the raſcal, hey? anſwered Jonathan. To the devil, ſaid Nabal. What's the matter, gentlemen, ſaid I, I hope no misfortune? Sir, replied Abrahams, I have loſt two hundred and fifty pounds for doing a generous action. That's hard, indeed, ſaid I: And what's worſe, cries the ſteward, it was done with another man's money. Poor Benjamin's whole fortune, I can aſſure you: well, Nabal, we muſt make the beſt of it. Run your eye over the Daily, and the Gazetteer, and call again in the morning. Nabal nodded his head, and diſappeared, while Abrahams ſat down in his chair, begged my pardon for the diſorder into which this unlucky ſtroke had

had thrown him, and muttered, between his teeth, the words, villain, caitiff, and ſcoundrel, with great fervour.

I preſſed to know the cauſe of this calamity.

Sir, ſaid the ſteward, ſhaking me by the hand, I wiſh, with all my ſoul, that my heart was made of adamant. I wiſh I had no more commiſeration than this poker. A raſcal came to me, ſome time ago, with a pitiful face, whom I knew from a baby, and thought, God help me, as honeſt as myſelf; he would have ſhut up ſhop—a ſugar-baker, ſir, —in four hours, if *I* had not kept him going.—Well, ſir, he wanted two hundred and fifty pieces—I had no money at home, having juſt then made a purchaſe. Mrs. Darlington was pretty deep in the repair-way, and I could not command a ſhilling, without breach of truſt. What was to be done.—Oliver,

ſaid

ſaid I to the man, you muſt e'en make a break of it: but he threw his tears upon me, knowing what a fool of a heart I had, and indeed melted me down to ſuch an ignoramus, that I touched upon poor Ben's property, which was left him laſt year by his god-father, and put the boy's whole fortune into the hands of this Oliver, who gave me, as I hoped to be ſaved, nothing but a couple of crazy buildings, in the worſt part of the city, and his bond for ſecurity. The cottages may tumble down, or be burnt up to-night, and he may die to-morrow; then what's his bond good for? But now behold you, the villain has ſhipped himſelf off for the Devil's Arſe a Peak, the Lord of Heaven knows where, and I may go whiſtle for my money. But the longer a man lives, the more he knows: if I was to live to the age of Methuſalem,

ſalem, I'd never do another friendly thing to man, woman, or child. He has cured me of that. You may deceive a man once, and it's not his fault. Deceive him again, and he ought to be crucified. A burnt child dreads the fire. For Oliver's ſake I'll forſwear friendſhip: I will, I will, I will!

In uttering this harangue, Jonathan heated as he went; and, like a wheel in violent motion, became at laſt ſo intenſely hot, that at the cloſe of the ſpeech he actually fired; and while he emphatically repeated the words, I will! there was as much horror in his look, fury in his eyes, blood in his face, and froth at his mouth, as ever exhibited themſelves in the countenance of a dog, in the arid month of July, expiring under the agonies of canine diſtraction. I exhorted him to be pacified, and bade him exert his fortitude. A fig for fortitude,

titude, sir. I'll burn his buildings, and throw his bond into the middle of the blaze, and if the hand which signed it was there into the bargain, I would not pull it out with a pair of tongs. I can bear any thing but ingratitude. 'Tis not the money, but the man, Sir, I would have pawned my salvation on this fellow's honesty. I don't think he ever behaved like a scoundrel before.—Then surely, Mr. Abrahams, said I, he deserves a——a——He deserves a halter, replied the steward. Tut, tut, never tell me: once a scoundrel, and always a scoundrel. By the same rule then, Mr. Abrahams, said I, once an honest man and always an honest man. No such thing, exclaimed Jonathan, almost delirious, and quite hoarse—no such thing. I have known a fellow pay away money one day, and steal it another. Sir, you're a young gentleman, and I'm only

an old fool of ſixty-eight, who has given away my poor dear Ben's property to a raſcal—my poor Ben, whom I love better than my eyes! Upon this the tears came actually into the old man's eyes, while ſympathy brought drops of the ſame ſort into mine, by way, I ſuppoſe, of keeping him company, and I was at loſs whether moſt to pity or deſpiſe him.

I was juſt going to ſay ſomething, inſpired by my too tender heart, when a gentle tap at the door prevented me. Jonathan ſternly bid the perſon come in; and Benjamin himſelf, as pale as his ſhirt, made his appearance. The poor lad, knowing the infirmity of his uncle, and hearing his voice violently exerted, (as his chamber was immediately over the office), came limping down ſtairs, (as the kick he received in the knee, from the chandler, was ſtill

retarding his recovery), and was in hopes of adminiſtering ſome aſſiſtance to the ſteward. As ſoon, therefore, as he entered, he forgot his lameneſs, and ran to beg his uncle, for God's ſake, not to bring the gout into his ſtomach, which he knew muſt be the caſe, if he continued to give way to paſſion, bidding him remember how bad he was laſt winter was twelvemonth, and ſaid he had rather die himſelf, than bury his dear, dear uncle, that brought him up, gave him ſchooling, paid for the very ſhirt he had upon his back, and had moreover put out his little fortune, which was to ſet him up by and by, to the beſt advantage.

The former part of this affectionate ſpeech, ſoftened the rugged nature, and ſettled the rigid muſcles of this ſtrange compound, and operated like a charm; ſuch and ſo rapid are the tranſitions,

and ſo inſtantly do different paſſions take poſſeſſion of us: but at the concluſion, when Benjamin mentioned the circumſtance of his uncle's great goodneſs, in placing out his legacy to the beſt advantage, he was ſo ſmote by the ſecret and bitter ſatire of ſuch undeſerved praiſe, that he poſitively ſeized his own throat, in mere deteſtation of himſelf, and gave his forehead two or three hearty ſlaps, as much as to ſignify that he was ſtriking a numſkull: then ſoftening again, he threw his arms over Benjamin's neck, and thus they remained for ſeveral minutes, clinging together. A ſtroke of nature, and the pathetic, has more charms for me, than the gold of Ophir.

The ſcene before me could be painted only by the power that can ſilence the roaring of the ſea, and ſubdue the ferocity of the panther.—I beheld the lover

of

of money, and the ſlave of paſſion, melting into the tender charities of the relation. I yielded to the occaſion, and (however indiſcreet) indulged my temper. The inſtruments of writing were in the room, and, while the uncle and nephew were locked in embraces, I wrote a few words upon a ſlip of paper, laid it upon the table, and hurried out of the apartment.—I had juſt got into the ſitting room, when a knocking at the ſtreet-door announced the return of my couſins.

CHAP. LXV.

Readers there are, I know, of ſo critical and inquiſitive a temper, that every point muſt be cleared up as they go on, or elſe the poor author is directly accuſed of inconſiſtency. As it is my

hearty wiſh, ſhould I come into print, to ſatisfy all peruſers and purchaſers, of whatſoever denomination, I ſhall now ſettle ſome matter, which might otherwiſe ſit a little hard upon a critical ſtomach. And firſt, as to circumſtances of *time* and *place*.

It may ſeem a little odd, that Mr. Benjamin ſhould have ſo *ruſtic* an air about him, ſeeing that he was reſident in a very faſhionable family, attended his ladies in St. James's Park, and had the pattern of ſo London-looking a character as Mr. Abrahams before him. Be it known, therefore, that, till within theſe few months, Benjamin lived as a ſort of upper ſervant at the country ſeat, which bore the name of Darlington Lodge, where this young lad was inſtructed in the office of ſurveying, by a country ſchool-maſter; who, with the exciſeman, two or three farmers, the landlord

landlord of the Three Blue Bells, and the reſt of Mrs. Darlington's domeſtics, with a few cottagers, made the inhabitants of the whole village; and he was now in town, at the earneſt deſire of Mrs. Darlington herſelf.

Whether this deſire proceeded originally and entirely from her, is a point no way incumbent upon me to meddle with at preſent. Certain, however, it is, that the youth himſelf had no ſort of objection to it; for Mr. Chriſtopher Dennis, (the father of his friend Nancy), formerly lived and manufactured the mild ale at the Three Blue Bells aforeſaid; but, on a recommendation from the 'ſquire of the next village, he was now promoted to manufacture malt and hops, at a capital brewery in the Borough of London, and *there*, (as the reader has ſeen), reſided with him

Nancy Dennis, the *friend* of Mr. Benjamin.

Now, ſome may think, that the pride of the ſteward would have prevented him from ſuffering his nephew to remain as a ſervant, though a *favourite* ſervant: ſome may be ſurpriſed, that Mrs. Darlington did not diſcover the affection of her niece for this young fellow, through all the affectation of diſguiſes; while others may expreſs their wonder, that, after having made ſo many wiſe reſolutions, I ſhould do ſo *raſh an action* as that mentioned in the cloſe of the laſt chapter; for I will not attribute to any of my readers ſo little ſagacity, as not to ſuppoſe they all underſtand, that, upon the ſlip of paper left upon the ſteward's table was written a draught upon my agent (with whom the reader will be preſently acquainted) for

for the ſum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

Now to defend either this point, or any others, ſo as to labour at *explaining away* their blame or errour, I never ſhall pretend. This Hiſtory is not deſigned to be the ſtage for thoſe *imaginary* gods and goddeſſes to act on, who never ſaid or did an ill thing; but the matters herein related, are neither more, or leſs, than ſome ſcenes, repreſenting and delineating mere *human life*, where characters and actions are diſplayed with all their beauties and blemiſhes, as blended in the conſtitution by nature; and brought out by occaſion. As far, therefore, as it is neceſſary for me to clear up circumſtances, which have reference to the rules of compoſition, ſo far will I ſtudy to eaſe the mind of the reader, but no farther. Should he, therefore, ſay to himſelf, *this* is ſtrange, *that* is

odd, *this* is fooliſh, and *that* is abſurd; I can only anſwer, *once for all*, that I am nevertheleſs an impartial biographer; and it would be very hard if it were expected I ſhould not only *deſcribe* ſtrangeneſs and oddity, folly and abſurdity, but anſwer for it too. No, my dear reader, this burden I totally ſhift from my ſhoulders. I tell you faithfully what has happened, and diſcover to you not only incidents but the perſons of the drama: be it thy buſineſs to account for, and to analize, to cenſure, and to condemn.

Indeed, I ſhall not, I fear, be able to clear up my *own* conduct to all readers; and, notwithſtanding all which has been done, many will call me a *fool*, many a *madman*, and more will wonder I am not now dying, rather in a ditch, than in a foreſt. Poſſibly, however, ſome may pity, and ſome may weep: there

are, it is preſumed, certain paſſages in theſe adventures, levelled particularly at people of feeling. *Such* characters will haply beſtow ſome tears to my misfortunes, and if they do,—let them not haſtily wipe them from the cheek, becauſe they can never look ungraceful.

Thus much then has been ſaid, that the reader may not expect more than is intended; and now, having entered a caveat againſt all *miſapprehenſions*, and written a chapter, for this explanatory purpoſe, I cordially invite the readers company and attention again, to what I ſhall, without any farther ceremony, ſet before him.—

CHAP. LXVI.

Alicia took hold of my hand, like a good-natured, lively cozen, at her return, and, after ſhe had aſked how the poor fellow's knee above ſtairs did, told me, that ſhe had found out a companion for me, and that he would breakfaſt with me in the morning. She then was about to withdraw to her dreſſing-room, to pull off her finery, and enjoy the comforts of an undreſs; comforts which are none of the leaſt, for ſurely nothing can be more diſagreeable than to ſit in one's own houſe, (after the fatigues of viſiting), under a load of nonſenſical ornaments, and ſuperfluous decoration; with hoops ſpreading out their formidable immenſity, ſilks endangering of a ſoil, pendents dangling at the ear, and ruffles bandaging up the elbow.

elbow. To lay aſide theſe, therefore, till fancy ſummoned them again from the drawer, Alicia had now opened the parlour-door; from which ſhe beheld *ſomething* that changed her whole behaviour in a moment; and (though ſhe was humming an Italian air the moment before), utterly altered her tune. This ſomething, was Mr. Benjamin, who was then hopping acroſs the room into which the parlour-door opened, under his crutch, in his way from his uncle's office to his chamber: for the poor lad's knee was was ſtill very painful, and the apothecary ſtrongly enjoined reſt, to prevent, as he ſaid, an impoſthumation, and all vicious propenſity to humours.

The handle of the door was ſtill in Alicia's hand, and being rather looſe, it rattled as ſhe trembled. I was cloſe to her on the other ſide; but yet no arti-

fice could poſſibly conceal her agitation: Benjamin bowed, as well as his lameneſs permitted him, and paſſed on. Luckily, however, for the lady, Mrs. Darlington went immediately from her carriage to her dreſſing-room, where ſhe ſtill remained. When ſhe had ſomewhat collected herſelf, ſhe looked me full in the face, without ſpeaking a word, then lifting up her hands and eyes, ſhe cried out, Oh God! Oh God! What a fool I am, and how ridiculous do I make myſelf: then hurrying away, ſhe hid her face, and tottered up into her chamber.

The paſſion of Alicia had now fairly conſpired with opportunity to betray her, and the exact ſituation of her mind became too palpable to be miſtaken: nor was it poſſible to know the temper, without pitying the paſſion; for ſhe was a girl of a very ambi-

tious

tious diſpoſition, had the loftieſt notions of rank, and heartily hated herſelf for entertaining any tender ſentiments towards an object ſo much beneath her.

Such, indeed, was her pride or prudence, that though, (vulgarly ſpeaking), ſhe doated on Benjamin to diſtraction, that very Benjamin never once ſuſpected it. And, contrary to the general cuſtom of young ladies in love, ſhe had no confidante, or ſecret-keeper, of her own ſex—in the houſe I mean — to whom ſhe imparted her flame.

" She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm o' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek."

To this guarded conduct, perhaps, it was, that Mrs. Darlington herſelf did not ſuſpect the attachment; or if ſhe

did ſuſpect it, ſhe poſſibly truſted to her niece's ſuperior ideas, and love of ſplendour, which ſhe imagined would ſave her from any indiſcretion. There is, however, no oppoſing this ſtrange paſſion, againſt another. The war is unequal, and if intricacy and entanglement takes place among the troops of love, the enemy is generally worſted; ambition itſelf is put to flight, and the tender tyrant takes the field. It plainly appeared from this, and many other inſtances, that Alicia was reſolved either to die or conquer: but alas! with all her vivacity, pride, diſdain, and haughty determinations, ſome deciſive circumſtances took place, ſoon after this, which humbled her ſpirit, and reduced the ſultaneſs to the ſlave. But for a recapitulation of theſe matters, intereſting as they are, the reader muſt have philoſophy enough to wait, or elſe ſkip over

ſome

ſome pages, which, it is hoped, are not unworthy his peruſal.

I muſt not omit here, to mention a piece of literary policy, in not prefixing to each of my chapters a correct abridgment of the matter therein contained, in imitation of ſeveral great writers: for, beſides that I take this ſort of anticipation to be the way to foreſtal the market, it leaves little for the reader on which to exerciſe his imagination: the charm of ſurprize is totally taken off: he knows, in five lines, what is to be talked over again in as many leaves, and it would be his cheapeſt way to buy only the table of contents, which is at leaſt the cream of the jeſt, and the mere milk may go to the cat, if it will.

Alicia was one day reading a new romance, to a circle of ladies, who were working round the fire at their needles:

the author informed them only that he begun with chapter the firſt, and courteouſly deſired they would courteouſly read on to chapter the laſt. Lord, ſaid one of the ladies, what a provoking man this is, we muſt go quite through the book, without knowing what it is upon. In the middle of the firſt volume, the heroine (as is uſual) was deſperately, and (as is uſual) unhappily, in love. Read away, my dear Alicia, cries a ſprightly laſs, I wonder to my ſoul *what's next*. A few chapters more threw the heroine into ſuch a critical ſituation, that the fair reader and her audience quite raved with impatience. One of them caught the book, and began to read at the laſt chapter of the firſt volume; another wanted much to ſee how *it ended*. This, however, would not do, they found the author talking of quite a different ſubject, and were vexed

vexed with themſelves to think, that while they were waſting time in turning over the pages to no purpoſe, they might have come to the criſis of the ſtory they were upon, and got half way into another. This reflection gave them freſh ſpirits, Alicia began where ſhe left off: the hiſtory improved in its progreſs, ſometimes they left working to laugh, and ſometimes to cry; and when they arrived at the laſt chapter, like a man who had taken a delightful but too ſhort a ride, thro' a pleaſant and various country, they lamented that it was done, and could wiſh to go over the ground again.

For theſe reaſons have I avoided the bill of fare, which ſpecifies every diſh. I will make the banquet as pleaſant as poſſible, but the reader muſt not ſpoil his dinner by a taſte before it is ready, but eat a hearty meal, and take a ſlice

of

of every thing at table; which I hope he may be able to do without palling his appetite. Let Alicia and her paſſion, therefore, amuſe themſelves together, till it is proper to bring them again upon the ſcene: at preſent they make their exit, to introduce, what is generally welcome, a new acquaintance.

CHAP. LXVII.

We were ſcarce ſeated at breakfaſt, when the footman brought in the name of Mr. Draper, and in five ſeconds afterwards Mr. Draper made his appearance: and as mirth-inſpiring a perſon he had as ever was exhibited. He looked about thirty, his features were conſtantly on the ſmile; he was inclined to no more than an agreeable corpulency; his eyes were briſk and blue; his complexion

plexion fair, almoſt to freckles and effeminacy, and his forehead without a wrinkle: indeed there was no ſymptom either of care or caution, ſorrow or ſuffering, about his character. The eaſineſs of his manner, however, the vivacity of his remark, and the complacence of his whole carriage, were ſo extremely adapted to the moments which are devoted to china and chatter, that he was ſurely born to be a neceſſary appendage to the tea-table—a cup of him once a day, might be pleaſing enough, but, I ſuppoſed, that if he was to be *taken for a conſtancy*, he would have a tendency (like the tea itſelf) to create the ſpleen, demoliſh the nerves, and promote the vapours. He was, in ſhort, all laugh, loll, and liberty, and I ſet him down, before he laid his ſpoon acroſs the cup, as a mere petit-maître; in which concluſion, I was full as near the truth, as people

people generally are, who, led away by the glance, are too giddy, or too proud, to imagine they may be miſtaken.

Perhaps, there are a great many caſes where it is quite wrong to believe ones *own eyes*; at leaſt, he who ſuppoſes he can develope the human character, at a ſingle view, will have many a mortifying inſtance to queſtion his ſagacity, and often commit blunders, beneath the penetration of a puppy. Mr. Draper was more agreeable than the ſugar, and there was really ſo much cream in his converſation, that our morning's repaſt, was unuſually ſocial: even Alicia, ſeemed for a while to forget her Benjamin; Mrs. Darlington ſmiled at as much as ſhe could hear; and I, perfectly charmed into ſilence, conſidered Mr. Draper, as the moſt entertaining young man in the whole world.

Yes,

Yes, ſaid I to myſelf, ſoftly, this is the very acquaintance I wanted; what a fortunate introduction!—How eaſy he ſits in his chair! what breeding in his ſtep, what polite pliability in his bow!—what a flow of words! and what pleaſantry in his ideas! I ſuppoſe now he is the moſt poliſhed character of his age; but I am afraid I make but *a ſo ſo* ſort of figure beſide him: ſome how, or another, my hands, are in my way, I ſcarce know what to do with my legs; I can't conceive how I got this naſty trick of playing with my buttons; and what the deuce can make me feel eaſier alone, or with Benjamin, than with ſuch a genteel circle as this before me!—yet why do I indulge theſe thoughts? Rome was not built in a day; and I dare ſay, it takes ſome time to make a man a gentleman! the hour may yet come, when

I may

I may be as eaſy and affable as Mr. Draper.

Mr. Draper was entering into a ſpirited burleſque on the inſipidity of viſiting parties, and playing with his watch-chain with as much careleſſneſs as if he had got the whole converſation by rote, while I entered into this ſoliloquy, during which I fixed my eyes directly on the tea-board, this fit of cogitation was ſoon invaded, by a ſmart tap on the ſhoulder from Mr. Draper, who putting up my reflections to auction, became himſelf the firſt bidder, and offered a *penny for my thoughts*. Then came on the ſubject of my dreſs, (which, by the bye I had not altered), but Draper ſaid, he would walk with me to his taylor, in the courſe of the excurſion he had in ſtore for me; not, cries he, that I would have you ſuppoſe I am bigotted to frippery,

pery, even though you now ſee me ſo APEFIED; but the ridicule of fools, is ten times keener than the cut of a razor; if cuſtom bids a man be a monkey, he muſt e'en adopt the character, ſir; and I would either *dreſs* or *ſtrip*, rather than be the topic of a moment's titter, to any man breathing. To laugh is exquiſite, but to be the *ſubject* of laughter, is to me the agony of the damned. For theſe reaſons, my dear lad, adopt the abſurdity of the times, though it ſhould command you to wear a doublet of gauze in the winter, and a jerkin of flannel in the dog-days. What ſay you, Benignus, ſhall we move? 'tis too early for the ladies, and we may enjoy many a delicious joke as we go on.

As my cold was much mended, and I admired Mr. Draper, even more than ſugar-candy; and as I had beſides an

eager

eager curiosity to see and know more of his character, I readily embraced his offer, and making our adieu's to the ladies, we walked out of the room like old acquaintance, arm in arm together.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

8 AP 67